

# Sports Illustrated

JUNE 8, 1990

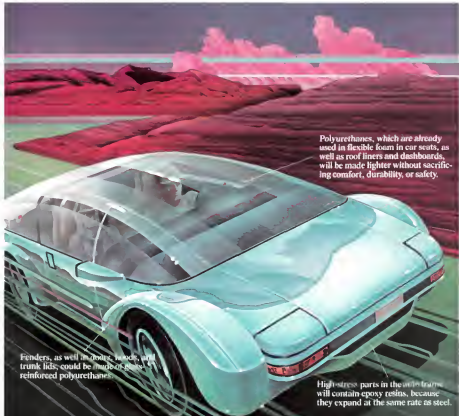
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## HERE'S JOHNNY, AGAIN!

Rutherford Wins His Third Indy

WARNER  
APOU





Polyurethanes, which are already used in flexible foam in car seats, as well as roof liners and dashboards, will be made lighter without sacrificing comfort, durability, or safety.

Fenders, as well as doors, hoods, and trunk lids, could be made of glass-reinforced polyurethanes.

High-stress parts in the auto frame will contain epoxy resins, because they expand at the same rate as steel.

## **We're putting more petroleum in the body of your car so you can put less in your tank.**

Oil. In its most familiar form, it runs and lubricates your car.

In a less familiar form, it can be made into petrochemicals which can be turned into plastics. And those plastics could replace the metal in your car.

Research being done with Texaco's petrochemicals is aimed at producing car parts that are 50% lighter and yet as strong and efficient as any used today.

We're also reexamining parts now made with plastics, such as dashboards

and seats, to see if they can be made even lighter without sacrificing strength or efficiency.

And we're doing work on glass-reinforced polyurethanes for fenders, doors, and trunk lids. Every pound that we can help auto manufacturers take off their cars could mean less gasoline you'll have to use.

**We're working to keep your trust.**





## One of these drivers had a head-on collision and walked away without a scratch.

*"I'm Dr. Arnold Arms, the man on the left. In 1975 I drove one of the American cars equipped with air bag restraint systems being tested in this country. At 6 p.m. on October 7, I left my office to make a house call and never made it. I had a head-on collision with a city bus. I was traveling at about 25 miles an hour."*

*"I recall very well what happened. The air bag filled in front of the steering wheel and deflated right away. I could see I was alive. I could see that I had no broken bones. To my surprise, I didn't even have a headache or whiplash injury. I was able to walk away from the crash." Arnold V. Arms, M.D., Kansas City, MO*

In 1979, 25 million drivers and passengers were injured in car accidents. 27,000 died. The cost of hospital and medical treatment for auto injuries was astronomical. And with inflation continuing to spiral, these costs continue to soar.

Many deaths and injuries could be prevented if people would use seat belts and shoulder harnesses which are standard equipment in all new cars. Unfortunately fewer than 20% of all automobile occupants use their seat belts.

A federal standard requires that all full-size 1982-model cars automatically protect front seat occupants from serious injury in crashes up to 30 mph.

The auto industry has proven technology to meet these new federal requirements. Safety belts that automatically restrain you is one approach. The air bag restraint system is another.

Extensive testing has proven that air bags can absorb the impact forces in head-on and front-angle crashes, with a cushioning effect that dramatically reduces serious injury. Research has shown that air bag protection can reduce the frequency of head, face, neck and torso injuries by as much as 40%. And the cost is less than many car stereo systems.

Air bag protection is automatic. No initiative is needed from the occupant. However, manual lap belts will still be provided for those who desire additional protection in other than front-angle crashes.

If there are fewer injuries, there will be less medical, hospital and legal expenses. And we will be better able to keep the cost of your auto insurance at a reasonable, affordable level.

### Here's what we're doing to control costs:

- Working through the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety to make cars more crash resistant and high ways safer.
- Lowering premiums for cars with air bag or automatic seat belt restraint systems.
- Asking for stricter enforcement of the 55 mph speed limit.
- Encouraging increased use of safety belts.

### Here's what you can do:

- Use your seat belt regularly.
- Work in your community to make sure speed laws are enforced.
- Don't drink if you're going to drive.

## Affordable insurance is our business...and yours.

This message is presented by the American Insurance Association, 65 JEFFERSON STREET, NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10022

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## LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



FORMER SLICK SHORTSTOP HOWLETT AND KELSO THE MAN

vertisers to more exactly pinpoint their audiences. Partly as a result of that reorganization, in the last year SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's annual ad revenues rose to more than \$122 million, fourth among all magazines in the U.S.

Also a knowledgeable sportsman, Phil was a starting shortstop as a freshman at Northwestern and once had serious

Last year my duties took me out to Belmont Park, where former Jockey Sammy Renick took time to show me around. He spoke of this later to Mrs. Allaire duPont, the owner of Kelso, and within a few days a photo of that great champion turned up in my mail. Written on it was: FROM KELSO THE HORSE TO KELSO THE MAN.

It is a fact that the publisher of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED invariably acquires some very special bits of memorabilia. That picture is my favorite. It is also a fact that news and anecdotes about the publisher appear in this space exactly twice—when he comes and when he goes. I've been mentioned before. For Phil Howlett, 52, who this week becomes SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's eighth publisher in its 25-plus years in print, this is the first mention.

Born in Cincinnati and raised in Evanston, Ill., Phil is a graduate of Northwestern, where he majored in political science and English. He joined Time Inc. 22 years ago as an ad salesman for LIFE and later shifted to FORTUNE, where he rose to New York sales manager. In 1970 he was named European publishing director of TIME, working out of London, and in 1974 he returned to New York to join SPORTS ILLUSTRATED as associate publisher.

For the past four years Phil has been SI's advertising sales director, during which time he reorganized our approach to selling ad space. Most notably, he broke down our total circulation of 2.25 million subscribers into a variety of special, less-than-full-run-circulation editions, enabling ad-

designs on a career in baseball. His glove was golden, but, happily for us, he couldn't hit the curve. He has also ghostwritten two books, *Winning Tennis*, by Frank Sedgman, and *Modern Baseball Strategy*, by Paul Richards. Golf is something Phil and I have in common, though our handicaps, I am afraid, are hardly similar. Mine is 31, which means that this week the publisher's office picks up 19 strokes.

As for me, I am moving on to new duties in preparation for becoming group vice-president, magazines, on Jan. 1, 1981. In that job I'll oversee the business side of all six Time Inc. magazines—TIME, LIFE, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, FORTUNE, PEOPLE and MONEY—plus a seventh, DISCOVER, a science-oriented monthly that will be out in September.

I will miss SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, but with my photo of Kelso the horse hanging in my new office, I will often be reminded of the joys and pleasures Kelso the man has had working at SI. Among them, speaking of pictures, has been occasionally posing for photographs with some of the glittering sports celebrities of our time, ranging from Willie Stargell, Terry Bradshaw and Jack Nicklaus to swimsuit cover girl Christie Brinkley.

So far, Phil has gotten to pose only with me. For him, and SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, I can see only better things ahead.

*Arthur F. Sullivan*



**Andrew Jackson entertains Martin Van Buren.**

Andrew Jackson, "Hero of the Plain People," enjoyed the simpler pleasures of life.

To friends, like Martin Van Buren, he displayed his personal liquor chest.

Jackson's decided preference for Old Crow is reported in a 19th-century newspaper.

# OLD CROW

## THE ORIGINAL SOUR MASH



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*"Jeremiah Weed?  
They say he was  
a real loner...I know  
better."*


*Kate Kincaid, Noted Entertainer — Durango, Colorado*



Jeremiah was a lot of things. Loner was not one of them. He was a magnet for women. And the attraction was mutual. But once he was with a woman, she could count on him.

We know Jeremiah would have approved of the high-spirited mellow of the drink that bears his name. Jeremiah Weed isn't just a legacy. It's a tribute to a 100 proof maverick.



 **100 Proof Jeremiah Weed**

Jeremiah Weed® Bourbon Liqueur 100 Proof ©1980 Heublein, Inc. Hartford, CT



# Sideline

by DAN LEVIN

HEY, YOU MARATHONERS, REMEMBER TO SMILE! SPORT PHOTO HAS YOUR NUMBER

Among my cherished sports mementos is a bright photo of me running in last year's New York Marathon. I'd like to be able to say that I have my brother Steve to thank for it, but I can't. He does a fine job of photographing sunsets, but the setting sun does not attract screaming fans who block a photographer's view the way marathons do. My brother watched and waited where I told him to, and he missed me.

Also, I would never know exactly how I looked in my first, and possibly only, marathon—or so it seemed until a morning three weeks later. While I was disposing of that day's junk mail, a magic word caught my eye—Sport—followed by Photo Curious. I opened the envelope, which contained two different contact prints, and there I was in living color. Sport Photo, it turns out, is a 5-year-old Dallas firm with a brilliant marketing concept: it shoots huge numbers of competitive runners, especially marathoners, gets their mailing addresses by matching the numbers on their shirts with numbers, names and addresses supplied by various race sponsors and makes the athletes an offer that very few are able to refuse.

The New York Road Runners Club, for instance, makes its list of marathon finishers available to the company, and in return Sport Photo pays the club approximately 10% of its gross profits from shooting the race. The 1979 race was the second New York Marathon for Sport Photo, which claims to have cornered 85%-90% of the running photography market. Boston-based Runner's Image, the other official New York Marathon photographer, operates the same way, although in the Big Apple the two companies shoot from different parts of the course.

From my experience, Runner's Image did no better by me than my brother, but I gladly sent \$14.95 to Sport Photo for three 5 x 7 color prints and \$8.45 for an 8 x 10. The shot I selected was taken near the end of my marathon. I had already been cheered by millions, and soon a strange and beautiful lady would step from the crowd to embrace me. I will carry these images with me always. But there is something to be said for tangles, too. I know how I looked in my first marathon. My skin was pink from four hours in the sun. My jaw was set, determined. My eyes looked tired. But I finished.

I look at that picture nearly every day and I think that it would have been a bargain at almost any price.

END

## THE WATER TORTURE. AND HOW TO AVOID IT.



Bound and confined in shoes. Difficult to breathe. Forced to carry heavy loads. It's no wonder feet perspire. And that wetness can be torture for your feet.

Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder fights the special problems of foot wetness. Foot Powder absorbs perspiration. And when you avoid wetness, you avoid the uncomfortable, sweaty feeling.

It also helps stop other little "tortures" that come with wetness. Athlete's Foot and other fungi have less chance to get started because Foot Powder prevents dampness. And since it helps control wetness, it helps control odor.

Feet stay cooler, drier and fresher. So your feet are more comfortable. And you're more comfortable. A little shake in the morning or after bathing is all it takes.

And since it's applied directly to the skin, it controls moisture in a way insoles can't.

So why go on torturing yourself?  
Use Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder every day.



Dr. Scholl's

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Try our Gold Rum with soda, ginger ale, or on the rocks. The first sip will amaze you. The second will convert you.

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## Footloose

by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY

**SMALL-TOWN ARTIST MAKES GOOD WITH PAINTINGS OF BIG-TIME COLLEGE SPORT**

"What you have to understand about Oswego," says Ted Watts, a resident of the village (pop. 2,300) of that name in southeastern Kansas, "is that it's a ghost town—only people live here." Yet, remarkably—especially to snooty souls who think all creativity must burst forth in New York, Hollywood or Paris—Watts, 37, is thriving in Oswego as a sports artist specializing in college athletics. While the world doesn't beat a path to his door (Oswego is far too isolated for that), it does know his phone number.

And the world calls regularly. Indeed, since Watts started his quixotic venture in 1972, he has painted or drawn 2,500 works—most of them football or basketball action or personalities—for 110 colleges from Yale in the East to Stanford in the West.

Watts got started by painting covers for football and basketball programs and press guides; these days he mostly does large paintings of individual athletes—usually All-Americans—and critical moments in games. On college campuses, Watts is easily the best-known sports artist in the land; he has become so popular, in fact, that after years of struggling, he now must occasionally turn down commissions. That's a great relief to his mother, who, Watts reports, "was always afraid that left to my own devices, I'd gravitate toward dirty pictures."

At the University of Arkansas, there are 56 Watts originals of coaches and All-American football players. The University of Kansas has 83 Watts portraits, for which it paid a total of \$20,000, in its Hall of Fame. Kansas State soon will have 28 of his paintings of Wildcat football players who have made it to the pros. Oklahoma State has 56 Watts-eyes of notable Aggie athletes; Texas Tech parlayed with \$10,000 to get Watts to do 28 paintings of its best players. He has rendered 75 paintings for the University of Kentucky. And he is now working on his most lucrative project—a \$23,975 deal with LSU for 175 pictures.

"I try to keep a naive quality about me," says Watts, "which is easy because I am naive." Then the telephone rings and he answers, saying, "Hello, this is Rembrandt of the Prairies." Somewhere, the Dutch master is clearing his throat. But Watts has struck a responsive chord among college sports people with his no-nonsense representational work. If a college wants Watts to do a painting of one of its running backs scoring a touchdown, that's what they'll get. His wife, Faye,

says, "Love is pretending you understand his art." But that's a little joke, because there's nothing to understand.

In 1979 Watts made \$51,000. He thinks he'll be able to earn more in the years ahead, primarily because he has no competition. There are a few artists who do work mainly for the schools in their hometowns, but nothing more.

And there's that wealthy master of sports sketch, Leroy Neiman. But he wouldn't be expected to jump at the chance to do a football program cover for East Stroudsburg State. Watts, on the other hand, would. And such truly distinguished sports artists as Bernard Fuchs and Bob Peak do works on subjects other than sports, while Watts confines himself not only to sports but also—with rare exceptions—to college sports.

Clearly evident in Watts' work is his ability to capture the excitement, enthusiasm and basic feel of collegiate sport. "How do you do it, Ted?" Frank Broyles once asked. Replied Watts, "I work my butt off." That is the kind of language football people understand. And that is why Ted is able to paint their language.

Watts' first published work appeared in 1959 in *The Broadcaster*, the newspaper at the high school Watts attended in Miami, Okla. It was dreadful. He didn't publish much more until 1972, when *The Coffeyville (Kans.) Journal* paid him \$5 for a drawing of a football coach. In the meantime he graduated from Pittsburgh (Kans.) State and settled in Oswego, where he worked first for a company that makes campers and later for a steel-building manufacturer. Watts' career break came when then-Kansas State Football Coach Vince Gibson was in the Oswego area recruiting. He saw some paintings Watts had done in his spare time and told him K-State needed a press-guide cover and whom he should contact. Watts said he was Gibson's man, and that was all the encouragement he needed to quit his job, borrow \$3,000 and become a full-time artist. About five months later, Watts was flat broke.

As a last gasp, he went down to Oral Roberts University in Tulsa in search of a miracle. He talked with the Titans' basketball coach, then Ken Trickey, who said he was getting ready to spend \$150 apiece for photographs of his players. "I can do paintings for a pittance more and then you'll really have something," said Watts. That pittance turned out to be almost double the photo price, but Trickey went for the idea and Watts went for his paints. Then came the Arkansas deal and Watts was launched.

Watts studied under Charles Banks Wilson, an Oklahoma muralist and portrait painter. Wilson says he doesn't remember much about Ted "but at least he tried. I just dumped it all on him in the hopes that some of it might stick. I'm still more impressed with him as a person than as an artist."

Wilson is critical of Watts' standard procedure of painting from photographs. Watts has rarely visited the campus of a patron; instead he works from photos and, sometimes, written information that, he says, helps him get a feel for the subject. "That makes it hard for him to go beyond the photographic in his interpretation," says Wilson. And some photographers are not thrilled when Watts, in effect, copies their pictures.

Watts brushes off such criticism by waving toward a hallway wall adorned with his works and saying, "This is a graphic example of my presence on earth that will live after me." But he is sensitive to jibes that great artists don't paint from photographs. "What I do is faithful portraiture," he says, "and maybe that's not pure, fine art. But I really don't dig artists who have to explain their work. If it needs an explanation, it doesn't deserve one. The greatest pleasure I get is when someone says, 'By golly, that picture looks just like Utah football feels.' In a photograph, you freeze one second; in art, it's more the essence of the subject's personality. I'm making a comment. I'm rewarded when somebody says yes to the question, 'Did this guy capture that special spark in Frank Broyles?'"

Watts sees Broyles as a solid Mount Rushmore figure: Colorado Coach Chuck Fairbanks as "the penetrating type, like Rodin's *The Thinker*—he's very mental about the game"; Bear Bryant as someone who exists only from the eyeballs down, because his checkered hat dominates; Joe Paterno as the "jee-whiz type, the little kid whose legs grew too long. You know, you sit in Oswego, working along as a camper manufacturer, and you don't even dream of getting to talk to a Broyles or a Fairbanks. Just thinking about it blows me away. And when you consider it, what is there to painting football players? All you have to remember is they don't have necks."

Indeed, success may have come Watts' way because he seems so ordinary. His home is 3½ blocks from his office, one of the Watts' two children was born in the hospital across the street from the house; the grocery store is around the corner; the church is a block away; a lot of relatives, including Faye's parents, live nearby.

Every football Saturday, Watts reclines in front of his television set, watching the day's college game—with the sound turned down. That enables him to listen to other games on his matching Zenith Circle of Sound radio. "Maybe I'm not absolutely great," says Watts, "but I'm having fun, getting swamped with work and earning enough money to buy me some Coors beer and Winston cigarettes."

But how good are you, Ted? "Usually my work is better than I expect it to be." But how good is that? "On a scale of one to 10, I'd be an eight or nine. Is that cocky?"

Watts' best friend, Phil Blair, rates his buddy's artistic ability by saying, "I'd put him in the top 3—in Oswego."

END

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4-cylinder engine • Power-assisted front disc brakes • Steel-belted radial tires • 5-speed overdrive transmission (3-speed automatic optional) • Front stabilizer bar • AM/FM stereo radio • 60/40 split fold-down rear seat back • Driver's reclining bucket seat with adjustable lumbar support plus adjustable seat cushion height • Electric remote trunk lid release • Reminder chime for headlights left on • Rear window defroster • Intermittent windshield wipers • Two glove boxes (one on driver's side) • Visor vanity

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\*Manufacturer's suggested retail price for 626 Coupe shown. 626 Sedan \$5895. Actual prices established by dealers. Taxes, license, freight, optional equipment and any other dealer charges are extra. (Wide alloy wheels shown \$340 extra.) All prices subject to change without notice.

\*\*EPA estimates for comparison purposes. The mileage you get may vary depending on how fast you drive, the weather, and trip length. The actual highway mileage will probably be less.

In short, you do owe it to yourself to look at a Mazda 626 before you buy any sport coupe. And the more you look, the more you like. A short look at the Mazda 626's long list of standard features.

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# SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

## THE JOYLESS GAMES

When President Carter proposed his Olympic boycott on Jan. 20, he said that the U.S. was prepared, if necessary, to stand alone in passing up the 1980 Summer Games. But Carter also said he would try to enlist "as many nations as possible" in the boycott movement, in hopes of persuading the International Olympic Committee to move, postpone or cancel the Games. At last week's deadline for submitting entries to Moscow, the Olympic committees of West Germany, Japan, Canada and some 50 other countries had declared their intention to join the U.S. in staying away from Moscow. But the committees of 70-odd other countries had announced plans to compete in Moscow, including, to the White House's keen disappointment, those of Britain, France, Australia and the Netherlands. Barring dramatic new developments, the Olympics appear destined to take place in Moscow on schedule and at a generally high level of competition.

The apparent failure of his campaign to move, postpone or cancel the Olympics is a partial defeat for Carter—as is the quiet death of his scheme for an alternative games. And his boycott movement has set an unfortunate precedent that will make it easier for others to place political roadblocks in the path of future international sports events. But none of this should obscure the fact that the provocation for Carter's action was the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, which the United Nations General Assembly condemned in January by a vote of 104 to 18. Neither should it hide an unsettling truth about the IOC: that it was prepared to stage the 1980 Olympics at virtually any cost. The Games must go on, even in a moral vacuum.

There is also reason to be disturbed by the expediency of some of the national Olympic committees that voted to go to Moscow. Advancing the familiar argument that sports should be kept forever separate from politics, committees in at least 10 countries went so far as to

defy the entreaties of their governments to join the boycott. One of those countries was Great Britain, where Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher last week chastised Moscow-bound national Olympic officials by asking, "Would they still believe, were we invaded by Russia, that the athletes of France or anywhere else should just say, 'That's nothing to do with us. We're only interested in sport!'"

The athletes who compete in Moscow run the risk of being remembered, everlastingly, as indeed having been interested only in sport. To avoid such a stigma, some of them may conceivably try to use the Olympics as a forum for publicly protesting the Afghanistan invasion, a course of action widely proposed in recent weeks as an alternative to a boycott. Such demonstrations would scarcely endear the athletes to their Soviet hosts, who, besides subjugating the Afghans, have been busily clearing Moscow of dissidents in preparation for the Olympics. Either way, athletes' protests or no, this figures to be a less than joyful Olympics. Which is another way of saying that, in spite of everything, the boycott's impact will be felt.

## ABOARD THE KRYPTONITE EXPRESS

It isn't often somebody succeeds in silencing Muhammad Ali, but a quick-witted airline stewardess accomplished just that during this exchange at the start of a recent flight from Washington, D.C. to New York:

Stewardess: Mr. Ali, please fasten your seat belt.

Ali: Superman doesn't need no seat belt.

Stewardess: Superman don't need no plane, either.

## SINGING THE WORLD RECORD BLUES

If you want to break world records, you need to work hard and persevere. This, in essence, was the message of the theme song, entitled *Dedication*, of a recently taped British television show loosely based on the *Guinness Book of World Records*. Yet the seemingly inspirational

song may have helped prevent an athlete from setting a world mark.

The would-be record-breaker, American powerlifter Jan Todd, went to London to appear on *The Record Breakers*, which will be aired in August. The taping was scheduled to take 2½ hours, during which Todd intended to break unofficially Ann Turbyne's world record for total weight—squat, bench-press and deadlift combined—of 1,179 pounds.

Todd's three lifts were to be spaced around and between attempts at records in plate spinning, rope jumping and other diversions. She got off well, lifting 529 pounds in the squat and, after a 25-min-



ute rest, bench-pressing 204. Then she began psyching herself up for the deadlift, in which she hoped to lift 474 pounds—for a record total of 1,207. But the taping fell behind schedule, the 2½ hours elapsed, and as Todd watched helplessly from the wings, it was all over—big finale, the theme song and so long, audience. A devastated Todd rejected suggestions that she complete her record attempt in the now-empty studio. "She was too disheartened," her husband, Terry, said. "It would be like completing three laps at a world-record mile pace only to have the timers suddenly get off their stand and the crowd go home."

BBC officials expressed regret over the scheduling snafu but claimed that technicians refused to work beyond the time allotted for the taping. They said that because the show had not been edited, they didn't know whether Todd's appearance

*continued*

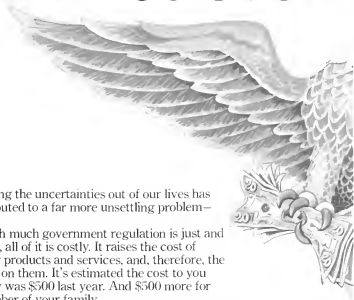
# BEFORE YOU COUNT OF GOVERNMENT MAYBE YOU OUGHT

**R**egulating the uncertainties out of our lives has contributed to a far more unsettling problem—inflation.

Though much government regulation is just and necessary, all of it is costly. It raises the cost of producing products and services, and, therefore, the price tags on them. It's estimated the cost to you personally was \$500 last year. And \$500 more for each member of your family.

Creating a sensible balance between social benefit and regulatory costs will require renewed self-control by each of us and a rethinking of our attitudes toward government. For instance: To conserve oil by burning coal, which is plentiful and cheap, would you be willing to modify clean air standards? Or to control price rises by limiting wage increases, would you favor a change in the minimum wage?

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would be excised altogether. As for the song, it apparently never occurred to anybody that dispensing with it might have freed enough time for Todd to complete her lifts. Says Todd, "For them not to afford an athlete in the process of setting a world record 60 seconds out of a 2½-hour show to do what they were singing about was unforgivable."

#### THEY WON BUT CAME UP SHORT

If there had been a baseball strike, the 1980 season might have ended for good last week. Accordingly, St. Jim Kaplan had planned to give out "end-of-season" awards. Rather than deprive honorees of their moment in the sun because of the labor settlement (page 48), it seems only fair to go ahead and announce some of Kaplan's choices. So imagine, if you will, that the season did end after last Thursday's games and that . . .

Minnesota's Ken Landreux (.366), who came to the Twins in the Rod Carew deal, won the American League batting title. The Cardinals' Ken Ritz, a .263 lifetime hitter known for his fast starts, was going into his usual late-season swoon but held on to win the National League title at .367. The Dodgers had the most wins in the majors (24) but fewer than any pennant winner in history. Other individual leaders were Landreux and Garry Templeton in hits (53 each), Steve Garvey in RBIs (36) and Robin Yount and Bump Wills in runs (tied at 33). Four pitchers—the Dodgers' Jerry Reuss (5-0) and Boston's Chuck Rainey, the Yankees' Ron Guidry and L.A.'s Don Sutton (all 4-0)—made history by going all season without losing. Oakland's Mike Norris had the lowest earned run average (0.52) ever, and Houston's Craig Reynolds lowered the National League season record for fewest errors by a shortstop from nine to two.

But the honors wouldn't have been confined to players. Baltimore Manager Earl Weaver would have earned kudos for having survived an entire season without being ejected. And the Executive of the Year award would have gone to Oakland owner Charles O. Finley for keeping the A's in Oakland and hiring Billy Martin. Of course, notes Kaplan, Finley "might just as easily win the same award in another season for moving the club and firing Martin."

Congratulations to all the honorees for a job well, if only partially, done.

#### THE BIG BLOWOUT

The eruption of Mount St. Helens killed at least 35 people, left more than 90 unaccounted for and created scenes in Washington, Idaho and Montana that might have been lifted from a science-fiction movie. Take, for example, the thick layer of ash that blanketed Spokane. Yakima and smaller towns in eastern Washington and threatened to turn the Evergreen State into the Evergray State. Try to sweep the ash away and it swirled around and settled somewhere else. Hose it down and it turned to a cement-like substance. The accursed ash clung to everything, clogging sewers and waterways, gumming up automobile engines, so darkening the skies that midday seemed like midnight. Residents likened it to being in a windless sandstorm. About the only ones who had anything good to say about the ash were Yakima police, who found it helpful in nabbing a suspect in a grocery-store robbery; they said he left a trail of footprints leading to his home in the volcanic dust.

Residents of Yakima and neighboring towns either stayed home or wore surgical masks when they ventured outside. Washington State's spring football game was canceled, as was a three-game Pacific Coast League series between the hometown Indians and the Ogden A's in Spokane's Indian Stadium, where the grass was covered by what was being called Ashtrouturf. Last Monday Spokane was supposed to start celebrating Non-Polluter Commuter Week, during which citizens would be urged to leave their cars at home and ride bicycles to work. But with most stores and businesses closed, residents wound up not going to work at all.

Wildlife affected by the blowout included the Roosevelt elk herd that usually grazes in the Spint Lake area at the foot of Mount St. Helens. Some of the elk were presumed killed, and with their range destroyed, the fate of survivors was uncertain. The eruption also spewed hot ash and mud into the Toutle River, a tributary of the Columbia rich in steelhead trout and salmon. The water temperature, normally 52° at this time of year, reached 100°, leaving the Toutle a dead river. Also dead was the Cowlitz River downstream from the point at which the Toutle flows into it. Even without the high temperatures, fish probably would have been killed by silt clogging their gills. In any case, at least 10 million young Chinook and Coho salmon were de-

stroyed. Worse, streams that formerly were gravel-bottomed now had cement-like bases, which will likely disrupt the food chain on which spawning depends. Also, with at least 1,300 feet of its 9,677-foot peak ripped away, Mount St. Helens may no longer be tall enough for the formation of the glacial ice that, during summer thaw, feeds spawning streams. The effect on local fisheries could be calamitous.

#### THE BUTE SUIT

The death of Jockey Robert Pineda of injuries suffered in a spill during a race at Pimlico in 1978 cast harsh light on the widespread use of Butazolidin, an anti-inflammatory drug, on horses. The accident occurred when a horse named Easy Edith, who had been given Bute as treatment for sore knees, snapped a leg, causing a chain-reaction pileup of four horses, Pineda's among them. Pineda's family brought a \$10 million negligence suit in U.S. District Court in Baltimore against Pimlico and Easy Edith's owner and trainer, alleging that Bute numbed the horse, posing "a great danger to all other horses and to all jockeys because such a horse cannot respond normally and properly to its own injuries."

Last week that case was settled out of court. Ben Cohen, one of Pimlico's owners, called his track's contribution to the settlement "peanuts," adding, "So we pay them what we would have paid the lawyers." But other sources said the full settlement was for \$350,000, a sum that didn't seem negligible at all. The settlement made it all the more welcome that the Maryland Racing Commission last week issued a virtual ban on the race-track use of both Bute and another much-abused drug, Lasix. The commission's action could avert serious accidents in the future—and possibly spare some horse-men and tracks from having to shell out more peanuts.

#### THEY SAID IT

- Mike Marshall, Minnesota relief pitcher, who has been booed by the fans this season. "If they worked as hard at their jobs as I do at mine, this country wouldn't have the inflation problem it now has."
- Darrell Johnson, Seattle Manner manager, on how he knows when it's time to change pitchers: "You just listen to the bat and ball come together. They make an awful noise."

END

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JUNE 2, 1988

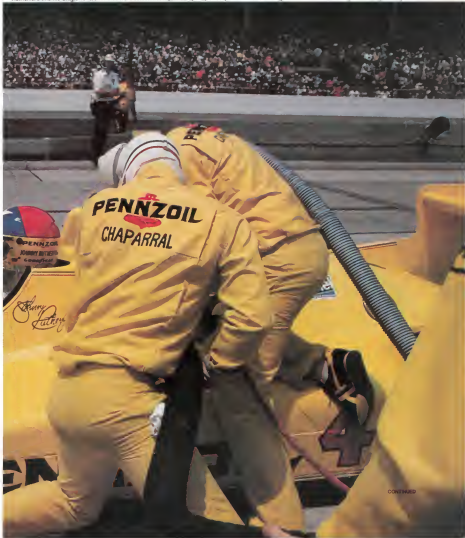
# THE SUB CAME



# UP ON TOP

Johnny Rutherford, driving a Chaparral nicknamed the Yellow Submarine, blew everyone out of the water as he won his third Indy 500 by **SAM MOSES**

*Rutherford and his Chaparral teammates were sometimes mystified by the perfect performance of their ground effects car, but they worked impeccably, too.*



CONTINUED

As the balloons rose and the bands played and the 380,000 fans gathered last Sunday morning at Indianapolis Motor Speedway, it was accepted that only four cars had a chance of winning. Three of them belonged to Roger Penske; the fourth—and the hands-down favorite—was the Chaparral owned by Jim Hall, a man Penske used to drive against in sports-car races in the early '60s. Three against one was the Penske strategy, his plan for beaching the Yellow Submarine, as the vivid yellow Chaparral driven by Johnny Rutherford had been dubbed. Penske allowed that it was a "pain in the tail" to prepare three new ground-effects cars, but, he added, "that was how to win." His logic was clear. "I've got three bullets in my gun, and Hall's only got one," said Penske, sounding almost confident. But the problem, as it turned out, was that someone had tricked Penske by loading his gun with faulty ammunition. All three of his cars would lead the race at one time or another, but two would end up parked as Rutherford took the checkered flag after 3½ hours of driving, and the third would be taken out of contention by a punctured tire.

Hall's ground-effects Yellow Sub,

which had spent most of last season leading races only to succumb to minor mechanical malfunctions, now has become a machine whose charms are as alluring as Greta Garbo's and whose behavior is about as mysterious. "It's like a bunch of blind guys stumbled onto a pot of gold," said the Chaparral team's engine builder, Mike Fanning, who was somewhat bewildered by his crew's great good fortune. "No matter what we did to it, J.R. would go out and run 190 miles an hour. We'd turn it backwards, he'd run 190. We'd turn it upside down, he'd run 190. We didn't have to do anything all month. It was like we had a 1980 model and were running against 1930 models."

Early in the race it was apparent that Rutherford could easily pass his opponents anywhere on the track—which is the best thing that can be said about the way a race car handles. "It's flat holding J.R. down," said Fanning. "You just look around—when the other drivers pit for fuel, their damn eyes are buggin' out from the strain. Not J.R. He comes in so cool..."

"This car handles so well, I could probably take my hands off the steering wheel going down the backstretch," Rutherford said of the Chaparral. It did look easy for the 42-year-old Texan with the white lone star painted on his helmet. Ruth-

erford started in the pole position after qualifying at 192.256 mph, and at the drop of the green flag he ran away from the field like the Road Runner leaving Wile E. Coyote in the dust—the Chaparral race car is, in fact, named for the chaparral bird, that roadrunner-like creature indigenous to the Texas plains that Hall calls home. Rutherford led until the second of the 11 yellow flags; all told, 54 laps of the race would end up being run behind the pace car, which would hold down the average speed to 142.662 mph—the slowest since 1962.

The first yellow came out on only the fourth lap, to allow Larry Cannon's stalled car to be dragged off to safety from its resting place in Turn 1. The second came but six laps later, the result of a crash involving rookies Bill Whittington and Duck Ferguson. Again Turn 1 was where the wrecker headed, in front of the infamous Snake Pit infield spectator area where the fans are mostly young and high. High or not, witnessing an Indy car smacking the wall is an eerie experience. The sound of the impact is smothered by the roaring of the other cars and the gasps of the startled crowd. But the visual sensations are fixating. Suddenly a sleek machine seems inexorably to will itself into nothingness as it skids against the concrete retaining wall at more than

One of the obstacles Tom Sneva met in working his way from last to second was his brother Jerry's car spinning in front of him in Turn 1 on the 132nd lap.



150 mph, spewing silvery pieces of its engine and suspension, along with bits of fiber-glass bodywork, into the air. The fat tires bounce away as if they are running for their lives. The anticipation of bodily harm and the hope against it make it impossible to turn away. When the mangled car has been towed off and the driver tended to, all that remains of the violent spectacle are two doughnut-shaped black smudges against the white wall. It has been seven years since a driver was killed at the Beckyard, and despite the six crashes this year, the most serious inquiries were Whittington's broken right leg and Ferguson's fractured little toe on his right foot.

Before the race, there had been fear that much worse trouble might occur because of the skittishness and capriciousness of the several new ground-effects cars spawned by the obvious potential the Chaparral had demonstrated last season, and because of the large number of rookies—10—who had made the field for this 64th running of the 500. The rookies had been warned repeatedly not to get in a tangle at the start, and they heeded the advice well; but after that, poison ivy seemed to rub the field, including the veterans. Rutherford's biggest challenge seemed to be dodging the day's debris.

One driver who didn't even make it to the first crash was Mike Mosley, behind the wheel of Dan Gurney's All American Racers Eagle with its stock-block Chevy engine. This power plant, many in racing hope, is the engine of the future, as its cost is only about one third that of the \$40,000 Cosworth V-8s that powered 24 of the cars at Indy this year. But its day has not yet come. Mosley lasted one lap before oil began spewing past a valve-cover gasket on the engine; it was replaced and the car took to the track again, only to have the same malady reappear.

Meanwhile, Rutherford was encountering another minor problem: trying to find his competition in his rearview mirror. Mario Andretti worked up through the yellow flags and made a battle of it for a while, the 1969 Indy winner leading Laps 47 through 56. His was the first of the Penske cars to retire; on Lap 72, when he was in third position, his engine seized solid on the backstretch. "Other than that, the car was running beautifully," said Andretti.

Next it was Andretti's teammate, Bobby Unser, who tried to track down the Yellow Submarine, and for a while it ap-



*Andretti proved his Penske could stay with the Chaparral, but a seized engine halted his challenge*

peared that he might have enough steam to challenge Rutherford—Unser actually led at the halfway point—but he retired on Lap 127 with a broken magneto. "Other than that, the car was running flawlessly," said Unser.

With two down, Rick Mears, last year's winner, was Penske's last hope, his only bullet left. But Hall had the gun. Rutherford wasn't worried about Mears, and he had no reason to be. Mears hadn't been able to run with the Chaparral all day. It became moot with 15 laps remaining, as Mears cut a tire on some of the debris Rutherford had been dodging. He lost a lap changing it and fell back to fifth, where he finished.

Meanwhile, drivers overlooked in the prerace handicapping were starring in supporting roles. The second-, third- and fourth-place finishers were weak or wounded in one fashion or another, but all hung in there on determination and inspiration. Tom Sneva, who would finish second, 29.89 seconds behind Rutherford, had come from dead last on the grid. He had qualified in a ground-effects Phoenix but crashed that car practicing later in the week and had to drive his backup car, a McLaren, which could have been the 1930 model Mike Fanning was talking about. How old is it, really? Sneva was asked, but all he would say was "Ooooooold." About four years old is a good guess; five is probably better. Third place went to the slowest car to qualify for the race, the Wildcat-Offenhauser of Gary Bettenhausen, who had come oh

so close to winning Indy in 1972. It has been Lean City for him since then. Bettenhausen started beside Sneva, next to last. At the finish he edged Gordon Johncock by half a car length. Johncock was driving a two-year-old Penske PC-6 after he had crashed his newer PC-7 during practice. He was also driving with a cast on his broken left ankle.

As the race neared the finish, there was little left for the Chaparral crew to do but wait. The corners of Hall's mouth twitched. Fanning tilted back his cowboy hat and grinned, as if all he needed to complete the moment was a guitar to pick. On the last lap, Rutherford was actually cruising down the backstretch waving to the fans—with both hands.

Crew chief Steve Roby—an Australian among all these Texans—who had directed consistently quick pit stops during the afternoon, was doing nervous little toe raises. But Rutherford and Roby knew something the others didn't. That morning Rutherford had picked a ladybug out of his hair. He stared at it like a wagon-train scout looking at a hoofprint on the trail—a frequent Rutherford expression when he's thinking hard—then blew the bug off his finger, presumably home to save her children.

Rutherford believes in the good fortune of found ladybugs. "Well, that's it," he said to Roby. "Those other guys might as well go home."

They might as well have. One thing is certain: that ladybug didn't fly anywhere near Roger Penske last Sunday. **SHO**

# PUTTING THE HAMMER TO THE OLD BUGABOO

*Bob Nystrom's overtime goal gave the New York Islanders a whole new image. They are the Stanley Cup champions now, not a bunch of chokers*

by KATHY BLUMENSTOCK

Pat Quinn, the jut-jawed, ramrod-erect coach of the Flyers, had slyly called it "That old bugaboo from their past," but the headlines in the Philadelphia newspapers were not that subtle. ISLANDERS—CHOKER they implied. Indeed, the New York Islanders have regularly worn the Choke' label in recent Stanley Cup playoffs, and several times last week they once again seemed ready to snatch defeat from the jaws of victory.

The Islanders had beaten the Flyers 5-2 Monday night at the Nassau Coliseum to take a three-games-to-one lead in the finals, but with a chance to bury forever their image as chokers and win the Cup, they had been blown out of the Spectrum 6-3 by Philadelphia Thursday night in Game 5. And now, as 14,995 long-suffering Long Islanders look on in horror Saturday afternoon, there are tell-tale signs of throat grabbing out on the slushy ice—a swimming pool, really—in the mercilessly muggy Coliseum.

The Islanders led the Flyers 4-2 after two periods and were only 20 minutes from a champagne bath, but in their usual fashion they allowed the feisty Philadelphia to tie the game at 4-4 and force a sudden-death overtime. Gulp. And as the O.T. begins, Islander Goal-tender Billy Smith, who had played poorly in Game 5 and not much better in the regulation time of Game 6, looks so shaky that he doesn't seem capable of stopping a basketball, let alone a hockey puck.

Bobby Clarke rifles a shot for the corner high to Smith's right side. Smith never moves. The puck flies inches over the crossbar and smacks against the glass. Ken (Rat) Lasseman, everyone's enemy, gets the puck alone in front of Smith but waits far too long to shoot. Islander Defenseman Bob Lorimer throws his body at the puck, and muffles the shot.

Smith falls on it and sighs with relief.

Almost seven minutes into sudden death, Islander Coach Al Arbour sends out his third line of Lorne Henning, John Tonelli and Bob Nystrom. Henning is an Islander original, a survivor of the 1972-73 season when the expansion Islanders, their roster littered with rejects and smooth-faced 20-year-olds like Henning, won only 12 of 78 games and wore the butt of tired jokes cracked by the haugh-



*Nystrom, the Hammer of Thor, jubilantly skates off to celebrate the goal that won the Cup for New*



ty Rangers. Over the years Henning developed into a competent penalty killer, but this season he lost even that spare-parts job. He dressed for only 39 of the Islanders' 80 games and was skating in the playoffs only because Anders Kallur had suffered a disabling shoulder injury.

Tonelli is a hunched-over, plodding skater who makes his living along the boards and scores his few goals—just 17 this season—on rebounds or deflections;

he played for the Houston Aeros in the WHA when that team went belly-up financially, and when he joined the Islanders at the end of the 1977-78 season, he probably didn't realize how close they were to being bankrupt themselves. The owner at the time had spent his hockey earnings on a pro basketball team, and only an infusion of new ownership and fresh cash kept the Islanders out of receivership and on Long Island.

Like Henning, Thoré Robert Nystrom is an Islander original. The Hammer of Thor they called him during those early losing years; Nystrom may have been a good fighter, but he wasn't much of a hockey player. He couldn't skate; he'd take a couple of strides, trip over one of the lines and fall flat onto the ice. The Islanders finally hired skating instructor Laura Stamm to work with Nystrom. That fairly titillated Nystrom's opponents, who kept asking him about his Triple Salchows. But Nystrom stopped falling down every few strides and became a solid third-line right wing—that is, a dependable checker and someone good for more than 20 but not more than 30 goals a season. He also became the Islanders' main man in the clutch, scoring the winning goal in three overtime playoff games before the Philadelphia series. And earlier in Game 6, with time running out in the second period, Nystrom had given the Islanders their 4-2 lead by rapping Tonelli's perfect goal-mouth pass past Flyer goaltender Pete Peeters.

And now Henning has the puck in his own half of the ice, between the blue and red lines. He passes it across the red line to Tonelli, the best Islander player this day, who is cutting into the middle from left to right. Tonelli swoops across the Philadelphia blue line and bears down on Defenseman Moose Dupont. Suddenly Tonelli spots Nystrom breaking for the net on his left, a half stride ahead of Defenseman Bob Dailey, and threads a perfect pass onto Nystrom's stick. Like most NHL players in this age of the slap shot, Nystrom uses a stick with a boomerang curve. Because of the bend in the blade, he cannot backhand the puck with any authority; in fact, he remembers no backhanders among his 21 goals this season. But now he thrusts his stick at the sliding puck and backhands it up into the air and over the sliding Peeters into the net.

Team Choke didn't, at last. And the Stanley Cup belonged to the Islanders, the first New York team to win it since the 1940 Rangers.

"We had to do it the hard way," Nystrom said. "For the past three years we've been doing things the hard way. Did you really think we'd change now?"

Before the game, though, the Islanders professed no doubts about winning the Cup on their home ice. "Peo- continued



York A second earlier he'd beaten Philly's Peeters with a backhand shot off a feed from Tonelli



Islander Goalender Billy Smith went down too soon and couldn't stop this scoring shot by the Flyers' Brian Propp, but he managed to survive a shaky overtime

#### STANLEY CUP continued

ple can say what they want about us," said Center Bryan Trottier. "Sure, we've lost in the playoffs before when we were supposed to win, but you don't necessarily choke when you lose." At Friday's brief skate, Smith was flipping pucks out of the rink so practice would end sooner, and Arbour declared firmly, "This is our last practice this year." Right Wing Mike Bossy seemed more annoyed than disturbed by Quinn's comments about the old bugaboo. "At this point, we've heard it all before," Bossy said, "and you don't have time to care about who thinks what."

On Saturday, TV cameramen were all over the Coliseum, shooting what the local folks, anyway, hoped would be the finish of hockey's interminable season. The Islanders and Flyers had met in the opening exhibition of the preseason last September 22, and they had played 111 and 109 games, respectively, since then. For the first time in six years an NHL game was being telecast nationwide—CBS had managed to bump a bicycle demolition derby in Des Moines—and both teams intended to provide dramatics for whatever audience tuned in.

Early on, there was a glimpse of just how tightly strung both clubs were. With the game just one minute old, Flyer Paul Holmgren and Islander Gord Lune staged

a high-sticking duel, and 12 more penalties were assessed by Referee Bob Myers before the first period ended.

But the most controversial call was one that Linesman Leon Sickle didn't make. With the score tied at 1-1 following goals by Philadelphia's Reggie Leach and the Islanders' Denis Potvin, New York Wing Clark Gillies skated down the left boards, crossed the Flyers' blue line and dropped the puck back to trailing Center Butch Goring, who was busting for the blue line. The puck clearly patted back across the blue line and into the center-ice zone before Goring collected it and moved it over the blue line himself.

Sickle should have whistled an offside—and called for a face-off in neutral ice. But he gave a safe sign and play continued. Goring shot a pass over to Right Wing Duane Sutter, and Sutter lifted the puck over Peeters for a 2-1 Islander lead.

"I guess I blew it," Sickle said after seeing a replay. "The puck came back across the line. Maybe there was black tape on Goring's stick and it confused me. Or maybe I was too close to the play. I just missed it."

The Flyers argued long and loud about the missed offside, but got nowhere. "We're not going to make excuses," said Philadelphia Captain Mel Bridgman, "but that goal had to change the momentum to their side."

Whatever momentum the Flyers lost

because of the non-call, though, they seemed to regain 4:50 later when Brian Propp took a Holmgren pass in front of the net, spun around and slammed the puck past Smith to tie the score at 2-2.

Still haunted by the ghost of playoffs past, the Islanders settled down to play solid hockey in the middle period. Bossy scoring early on the power play after



Irrate Mel Bridgman complained long and loud

Trotter worked the puck from behind the cage and then Nystrom giving New York its 4-2 lead at 19:46. But the Islanders also missed several other good scoring opportunities. Once Nystrom skated in alone on the Flyer net but was knocked down from behind by Defenseman Behn Wilson and went tumbling into Peeters. The goalie's head cracked against the post, and he was knocked cold. Once revived, Peeters stayed in the game.

As the third period began, Islander history began repeating itself. Rather than resume the attacking style that had produced four goals and had limited the Flyers to a mere 12 shots at Smith over two periods, New York inexplicably went into a defensive shell. But such strategy—"Why they do it I'll never know, but they always do," Arbour said—has never worked for the Islanders, and it didn't work against the Flyers. After several Flyer near misses and a season's supply of New York defensive blunders, Dailey blasted a slap shot past Smith from the blue line, cutting New York's lead to 4-3. A few minutes later, with the Islanders still looking lost, the Flyers tied it up when John Paddock deflected Dupont's blue-line shot into the net.

"They were freaky goals," said Smith. "Dailey's just went wide of the net, hit someone and went in. And on Paddock's, they had three guys standing in the slot

and the puck slid in between their feet. Did I panic? I was scared skinny."

But if the chunky Smith was scared, his teammates remained calm—outwardly so, anyway. "When we went back out there for overtime, we knew what we had to do, that's all," said Bossy. Grimly determined now and drenched from exertion, the Islanders returned to the ice to a great ovation. A fan dressed as the Stanley Cup—inverted garbage can for the base, spray-painted birdbath up top—paraded around the rink. A banner in the balcony pleaded, IT'S WIN THIS ONE! I WORK TUESDAY NIGHT. The Islanders, too, would be laboring Tuesday if they fizzled in O.T. "Going back to Philadelphia would have been an awful lot of trouble, big trouble," Bossy said. "Nobody wanted to go back."

Except the Flyers, of course. They had compiled the NHL's best record over the 80-game regular season and had set a league mark by going 35 games without a defeat, but as Clarke said, "The only thing people ever remember is who won the Stanley Cup."

Philadelphia had the edge in the early moments of overtime as Clarke, Livsemann and Al Hill took aim at Smith. But then—at 7:11—it was Nystrom's moment. "All I had to do was shovel the puck in," he said, ignoring the fact that there was some artistry involved, too. It was a beauty of a goal, the little sweep on the backhand and the deflection up and in. Even before Nystrom had completed his swing, the red light blazed and the Coliseum was a solid wall of noise.

Islander General Manager Bill Torrey watched his team skate a victory lap with hockey's crown jewel and beamed when someone offered him a paper cup of champagne. As builder of the Islander franchise and rescuer of the team from bankruptcy two summers ago, Torrey had often talked about his long-run game plan. When he was named G.M. of New York's expansion franchise in 1972, Torrey promised no results right away but indicated that by Year 4 or 7 or 8 the Stanley Cup would be on the horizon. If you buy the eight-year version, the Torrey system is right on schedule, although Torrey still insists that last season's team—the best in the NHL during the regular season—had the talent, if not the temperament, to win it all.

Instead, the 1980 Islanders—No. 5 during the 80-game season—finished

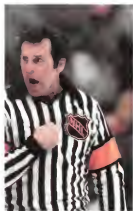
No. 1 in the end. Along the way they set a playoff record by scoring 25 power-play goals, including a stunning 15 against the Flyers, and the 23-year-old Trotter, the 1979 NHL scoring champion but a playoff bust the last four seasons, set a point-scoring record (29) as he won the Conn Smythe Trophy for being the MVP of the playoffs.

Four original Islanders remain from the hapless days of the '70s—Gary Howatt, Smith, Henning and Nystrom. One Islander, Defenseman Ken Morrow, has been with the team for less than three months; before that, Morrow was helping the U.S. win the gold medal at Lake Placid. The team averages 25 years in age and four years in NHL experience.

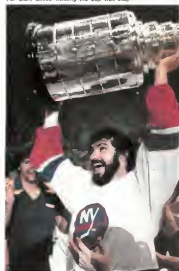
"The difference in this series? We scored more goals than they did," said Gillies as he sipped a beer instead of the bubbly. "We really don't realize this whole thing yet. It might hit us in a week. I know I'll still be up tomorrow. But when everything calms down here, I'm going home where I have a bottle of champagne in the refrigerator. It's been there since Christmas, and I've been waiting for something special to drink it. And when I have a nice, calm drink of it, instead of squirting the stuff like in here, then I'll realize what we've done."

Nobody chokes on champagne. **END**

*For Clark Gillies, hoisting the Cup was easy*



but the officials wouldn't change a crucial call



# THE METS...THE MAGIC IS BAKC

*Well, nobody's perfect, and despite a public-relations claim to the contrary, you can still find New York near the bottom of the National League East, but there are subtle indications that the team may yet wind up the season amazin'* **by STEVE WULF**

Meet the Mets, meet the Mets. Step right up and greet the Mets. Bring your kiddies, bring your wife. Guaranteed to have the time of your life. Because the Mets are really sockin' the ball (crack of bat, roar of crowd), knockin' those home runs over the wa-a-a-all. East Side, West Side, everybody's comin' down, to meet the M-E-T-S Mets, of New York town.

That song was once the joyful accompaniment to Casey Stengel's beloved losers, then to the Miracle Mets of 1969 and then to the National League champions of 1973. But for the past few years *Meet the Mets*, even in its disco version, has been some sort of cruel joke, reminding people that not only did the Mets not sock the ball—they never really did, anyway—but also that the kiddies and the wife were having the times of

their lives somewhere else, probably Yankee Stadium.

Last year the Mets had to win their last six games to avoid losing 100 for the first time since 1967. Attendance fell to an alltime low of 788,905. By season's end, Richie Hebner, the disappointed and disappointing third baseman, was trading crude gestures with the fans, who were getting the feeling that Hebner's views reflected those of the management. Minor Met celebrity Karl Ehrhardt, the leprechaun with the signs, was so disgusted he said he would never bring any of his 900 placards to Shea Stadium again. He had been a regular in the third-base boxes since 1965.

Then, on January 24, the Payson family, which had owned the Mets since their inception in 1962, sold the franchise to a group led by Nelson Doubleday, the

great-great nephew of the man who didn't invent baseball. As the head of the Doubleday & Co. publishing empire, Nelson was a very large bookworm indeed, and he and his group paid a record \$21.1 million for the Mets. This happened only six months after Edward Bennett Williams had bought the Baltimore Orioles, who were about to win the American League pennant and draw more than 1,600,000 people, for \$12 million. The joke went that Doubleday should have waited for the Mets to come out in paperback.

Of course, Doubleday and his partners, who include Fred Wilpon, a real-estate wizard who once pitched for the same Lafayette High team in Brooklyn on which Sandy Koufax was the first baseman, were not merely buying the Mudville Nine. They were purchasing

*Blowed but not bloodied, Manager Torre ponders, well? what? Why the Mets can't score? When they will win more than they lose? Why he took the job?*





*President and majority owner Wilpon knows that if he can build the Mets into a winner, he won't have any trouble filling all those empty seats around him.*

New York's National League franchise and the two million people who used to show up at Shea every year when the Yankees played second fiddle. There were other goodies, like that song and Ehrhardt's signs and Lee Mazzilli's incipient sex appeal. But Doubleday and Wilpon also bought a lot of turis, which is Yiddish for six errors in one game.

From the start, Doubleday Sports, Inc., the new corporate name of the Mets, made it clear that these were, in fact, the New Mets. Never mind that the ball-players were almost all the same. New plastic seats in Anita Bryant orange were installed at field level, with blue, green and red, in ascending order, still to come. The clubhouse was spruced up. A new general manager with solid credentials, Frank Cashen, was hired. The Madison Avenue firm of Della Femina, Trivisano and Partners was given \$400,000 to sell the New Mets to the public. That's when the trouble started.

Jerry Della Femina took some good-natured potshots at the Yankees, particularly Reggie Jackson and Bucky Dent. George Steinbrenner had a conniption, and the Commissioner of Baseball ended up fining the Mets \$5,000. All this hap-

pened because Della Femina said that Mazzilli was better looking than Dent and that Yankee Stadium was somewhat less safe to visit than Iran. Then the local newspapers took offense that the Mets were forking out \$400,000 for advertising when they could be buying up flesh and blood. "You couldn't get me to play shortstop for \$400,000," says Della Femina, "and I'm 43 and can't go to my left." The first fruits of the campaign turned out to be two ads centered around those renowned old Mets, Ralph Branca and Jackie Robinson, along with the motto, "The Magic Is Back."

That was a mistake, although not a very big one. "We should have said, 'The Magic Is Coming Back,'" says Della Femina. The sportswriters had fun with the magic line for awhile, particularly because attendance was lagging behind even last year's and because the Mets were playing some horrendous baseball.

On April 15, they made six errors in a 7-3 loss to Montreal. On April 19, they took a 9-1 lead into the sixth inning against the Cubs, only to lose 12-9 on a grand-slam home run by former Met Dave Kingman. On April 22, New York led Philadelphia 8-3, but lost 14-8. On

the heels of that, the Mets were swept in Houston, the last defeat coming by a 4-3 score after New York had gone ahead 3-2 in the top of the 12th.

From there things got worse. On the same day that Bowie Kuhn fined the Mets for their advertising indiscretions, they fell 2-1 to the Phillies. In that game Pete Falcone gave up three hits in seven innings and tied a major league record by striking out the first six men he faced, but lost because he gave up a two-run homer to Luis Aguayo, who is now playing in Oklahoma City. Aguayo's first and only major league homer just barely cleared the outstretched glove of Left-fielder Dan Norman. Former Met Tug McGraw pitched 2½ innings of hitless ball for the save.

Then, against San Diego, the Mets suffered three more one-run losses, 1-0, 2-1 and 4-3; in each game the winning run was unearned. Cincinnati then won two out of three extra-inning games. In one of them New York fought back from a 7-0 deficit, only to lose 12-10 in 14 innings on a broken-bat double. The Mets occasionally lost big, too, as they did on May 13 when the Reds beat them 15-4 on an eight-run fifth highlighted by Ray

*continued*



Allen offers relief for a strong starting rotation

Knight's solo and grand-slam homers. At that point New York was 9-18, nestled comfortably in last place and not looking like \$21.1 million—or two cents, for that matter.

The next night against the Reds the Mets blew a 6-2 lead in the ninth but came back to win 7-6 in 10 innings. That was a turning point, although how big a turning point remains to be seen. Beginning with that game, New York had gone 7-3 through the end of last week and had moved up to—lo and behold—fifth place. Last weekend they swept three games from Atlanta, and their fans went wild. Both of them. Actually, a total of 28,709 saw the series, not very much for a holiday weekend with fine weather, but the ancient chant of "Let's go, Mets" could again be heard. Maybe the magic is coming back.

Of New York's 21 losses, 11 have been by one or two runs, which is a good sign. Neil Allen, who is second in the league in saves with eight, is rapidly blossoming into a valuable relief pitcher. The starting pitching generally has been excellent. Two of the more pleasant surprises have been Falcone and Ray Burris, two jour-

neymen who seem to have found religion and the plate at about the same time. Falcone, a Brooklynite, has been brilliant on occasion, reviving the comparisons, heard early in his career, to that other Brooklyn pitcher, Fred Wilp, er, rather, Sandy Koufax. Burris has an ERA of 2.29, and he should be 6-2 instead of 3-3. Both Burris and Falcone say the Lord is their pitching coach. "Whatever it is," says Manager Joe Torre, "it's a force bigger than mine."

If and when New York's putative aces, Craig Swan and Pat Zachry, start winning regularly, the Mets could have a fine pitching staff, although nothing like the one they traded away: Tom Seaver, Jerry Koosman, Jon Matlack, Nolan Ryan, McGraw et al. The sins of former board chairman M. Donald Grant and his advisers have been visited upon the new owners. Almost everybody with the club says it is only one or two players or one or two years away. The Mets sure could use Kingman or John Milner or Rusty Staub or even Jim Dwyer now. "I've seen a lot of good men come and go," says Reserve Catcher Ron Hodges, who's been with the Mets since 1973.

Because the team was sold so close to the start of the season and because the threat of a strike paralyzed everybody in baseball, Cashen has yet to make a deal. He came from the commissioner's office to the Mets but, more important, he came to the commissioner's office from Baltimore, where he has been given a lot of the credit for building the Oriole juggernauts of the late '60s and early '70s. "No trades, zero, nothing," he says. "Believe me, I've been trying, but it's been very frustrating." Consequently, New York's lineup is filled with guys playing out of position. One centerfielder, Mazzilli, is playing first base, and another, Elliott Maddox, is playing third. In centerfield is an excellent first baseman, Mike Jorgensen. John Stearns is a very good ballplayer, but some people think he shouldn't be catching. Basically, the Mets have a strong bench. Unfortunately, it's starting. And not hitting. But then the Cardinals are hitting .285 as a team, and last Sunday they were three games behind the Mets. "I said before the season started that we'd have trouble scoring runs," says Torre. "I'm sorry I was right." As a team the Mets are batting .253, which wouldn't be so bad if they had more than eight home runs among them, four



Whether Mazzilli is really better looking than the Yanks' Dent is the \$5,000 question in New York

continued

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But perhaps the most pleasant surprise about Renault Le Car is not how quickly it goes, but how comfortable you feel along the way. In a passenger compartment with more room than a Honda Civic or Datsun 210 hatchback.<sup>†</sup> Cushioned by four-wheel independent suspension and Michelin steel-belted radials, for a smooth, level ride *Motor Trend* says "would do credit to far larger, more expensive cars."

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\*Remember. Compare these 1980 EPA estimates with estimated mpg for other cars. Your mileage may vary, depending on speed, trip length, and weather. Your actual highway mileage will probably be lower. California excluded. <sup>†</sup>Based on 1980 EPA data.

## RENAULT LE CAR

WE BUILD MORE INTO ECONOMY CARS THAN JUST ECONOMY.

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# "Did I really finish fourth? Beautiful!"

—Sandy Bryan, 18, at the Sears-AAU Junior Olympics

Fourth in the semifinals might not seem "beautiful" to you. But read what it meant to this remarkable young hurdler—and discover some surprising facts about the Sears-AAU Junior Olympics, the largest of all our national amateur athletic programs. And perhaps the most uniquely American.



If you'd happened to pass through Ipswich, Massachusetts, during the late afternoon of almost any day last spring, you might have come across Sandy Bryan unloading some borrowed hurdles from the back of an old, blue pickup truck.

"It was lonely, and it was hard work," she says.

"but I was aiming for the Nationals."

The "Nationals" are the culmination of a vast amateur athletic program called the Junior Olympics. Every year, millions of youngsters, 8 to 18, compete in over 2,000 local and state meets across the country. The best move up

to the 15 regional championships. Finally, just 10,000 qualify for places in the Nationals.

## Plain old "stick-to-it-iveness"

Sandy Bryan wasn't fast enough to make it in 1977. Or in 1978.

But in 1979, she not only got to the Junior Olympics Nationals—but through the preliminary heat and semifinals, where she ran her best times yet. Almost three seconds faster than she'd ever run before, and just good enough to earn her a qualifying spot in the finals. Beautiful!

Sandy placed in the top eight in the nation in the Junior Olympics girls' 400 meter hurdles. Not bad for a girl who was seeded 23rd going into the Nationals. Or was it 24th? Sandy can't remember.

## Why they do it

Ask the youngsters in the Junior Olympics why they run and jump and wrestle and swim. They'll talk about the satisfaction of a perfect throw or vault, about the friends they've made, or the remarkable athletes they've come up against. What stands out is how few are hung up on winning.

But don't get the idea that these kids aren't fiercely competitive. Eighteen percent of our 1976 Olympians give credit to the skills they developed in the Junior Olympics—and they won

three-quarters of America's medals in Montreal. Such results prove the down-to-earth practicality of this AAU ideal: to develop American athletes the American way—as private citizens.

## Junior Olympics Sports

The Junior Olympics, America's largest provision for young athletes, consists of over 2,000 local, state, regional and national meets in which they compete in their own age groups in the following sports:



Basketball	Swimming
Boxed Luge	Synchronized Swimming
Boxing	Track and Field
Cross Country	Trampoline
Canoeing	Tumbling
Climbing	Volleyball
Diving	Water Polo
Gymnastics	Weightlifting
Judo	Wrestling

The entire program is coordinated by the AAU and sponsored nationally by Sears, Roebuck and Co. If you'd like to know more about Junior Olympics or join the movement in your town, write: Sears-AAU Junior Olympics, Dept. 7053 JO-4, Sears, Roebuck and Co., Sears Tower, Chicago, Illinois 60684.

in towns and cities across the land.

Which is why Sears has joined hands with the AAU. Sears sponsors the Junior Olympics because the Junior Olympics exemplifies the spirit of amateur athletics in America.

# Sears

Sears, Roebuck and Co. has been the sole national corporate sponsor of the AAU Junior Olympics since 1977.

Sandy relaxes with her father after her fourth-place finish in the semifinals of the 400 meter hurdles. Just being in the national meet put Sandy in the top 10,000 athletes of the millions who competed in the 1979 Junior Olympics.



## The new Nikon EM

*From the legend that is Nikon comes the new Nikon EM. A lightweight, automatic 35mm camera designed to make great pictures simpler and more foolproof than ever before. A camera that gives you beautiful pictures that are...*

*Sharp, and clear, automatically ... alive with rich colors and vivid detail, because the EM is precision-engineered by Nikon. Acclaimed by one of photography's foremost authorities for picture quality that rivals even professional Nikons.*

*So it may surprise you to discover that ...*

*For the cost of just an ordinary automatic single lens reflex, the extraordinary Nikon EM can be yours!*

*At last, the joys of fine photography*

*at an affordable price. And, from the very first roll, you'll find it's also easy to use, because ...*

*Nikon's exclusive electronics automatically set the correct exposure! All you do is focus and shoot. There's even a unique audible warning signal that tells you if the light's not right. And to add more excitement...*

*The Nikon EM has its own low-cost accessories.*

*A completely automatic flash. A dynamic lightweight motor drive for action sequences and automatic film advance.*

*Superb Nikon Series E lenses for wide-angle and telephoto shots.*

*Now the greatest name in photography can be yours. Nikon EM.*

*It's not just a camera.*

*It's a Nikon.*



**for pictures this sharp, this clear, automatically.**

fewer than Greg Luzinski of the Phils.

Ehrhardt the Sagman, who in real life is an art director for a food company, is strictly an unofficial spokesman for the Mets, so he can't be fined for tampering. He says, "What we need is lefthanded power and a third baseman. George Brett would be nice." Wilpon, the president and the owner most active in the operations of the club, pledges to carry a big bankroll to the free-agent auction, but the Mets will have to wait two years before Brett becomes available. Third base has always been the Mets' bugaboo, 65 guys having auditioned for the position. Even though Maddox says he's uncomfortable there, he has been playing third very well. In fact, it's not stretching things to say he's the greatest third baseman in Mets history. It certainly wouldn't take much.

Joe Pignatano, first-base coach and team gardener, has been with the Mets for 13 years. "This club is going some-

place," he says. "Really. It feels like '68. All we need is another Donn Clendenon and another lefthanded reliever. Out in the bullpen I grow cucumbers, tomatoes, peppers, squash and string beans. But no lefthanders."

One way the Mets could start winning is to get Doubleday—Nelson not Abner—to attend more games. He has the best record on the club, with four wins in four appearances. "They're not permitted to lose when I'm out there," he says. "Actually, I think the team has already benefited from the new management. It was in disarray when we got it. There hadn't been a budget done in 19 years. We just need time. When we said The Magic Is Back, not in our wildest dreams did we think we could win. But we just wanted people to know it was fun to go out to Shea."

"Do you want to know the difference between the old owners and the new ones?" says Ehrhardt. "For 16 years I

came out here and it didn't cost them a dime, but I never really felt like they wanted me even when they were winning. Last September I quit. Then just a few days before the season started, Wilpon calls me and asks me to come back. He offers to give me a box seat, a parking spot and a place to change. I never had that." Ehrhardt then holds up a sign that says "Hellip!" after Atlanta's Gary Matthews homers off Zachry in the first inning of Saturday's game.

Hellip arrives. The Mets rally to win 5-4 on Maddox' single in the 10th. After the game Stearns watches another New York team, the Islanders, win their game on TV, also by a score of 5-4, also in overtime. Pointing to the bedlam in the Nassau Coliseum, he says, "We could have that here at Shea. Only we could have 50,000 screaming idiots instead of 15,000." Anything seems possible when you're in fifth place. After all, the '68 Mets finished next to last.

END

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<b>12¢ OFF</b>	<p><small>6001 Score Coupon</small></p> <p><b>Cash Value 1/2¢ of 1¢.</b></p>	<b>12¢ OFF</b>

**K**ris LaPoint is a Berkeley dropout with shoulder-length blond hair and a beard, and he lives in California in what appears to be a commune. As any census taker worth his weight in short forms might assume, this guy is either a left-over flower child or religious cultist.

But if the census taker sent LaPoint the long form to complete, he would find out that he's dealing with a head-of-household who is about as laid back as a FORTUNE 500 board member. Consider what LaPoint would include under the heading "occupation": selling for one company, co-owning another, running yet another business from his house. He fills in his spare hours racing cars, and, oh yes, he's also a water skier, perhaps the best slalom skier ever. His younger brother, Bob, will verify that.

Kris has been an achiever ever since, at the age of 14, he won the men's open slalom title at the Masters, a tournament every bit as prestigious in water skiing as its namesake is in golf. Since then he has won six more Masters, six nationals and scores of professional titles. But if Kris is the board chairman of slalom, then brother Bob, two-time defending world champion and co-holder of the world record with Kris, is the chief ex-

ecutive officer. Together they've participated since advancing out of the boys' division in 1971 (Kris) and 1973 (Bob), there have been only two occasions when a LaPoint didn't win—the 1974 Masters and the 1975 world.

"Competing against the LaPoints is like trying to run a marathon against Bill Rodgers or play tennis against Bjorn Borg," says John Steinbuch, a former world-class slalom.

Tony Krupa, one of the 20 best slalomers in the world, says: "When slalom skiers work out, they always ask themselves, 'Am I practicing good enough to beat the LaPoints?' They obviously haven't been, because for the last 12 or 13 years everyone else has been irrelevant."

For the first eight of those years, Kris ruled by himself. Bob, at 25 two years younger than his brother, spent most of that time breaking Kris' age-group records and finishing second to him in men's events. Then in 1974 Bob got his first major professional title, the Saucier Cup, and won the California Cup, which had been Kris' the five previous years. The following year Bob won his first Masters. In 1976 he won the Masters again and the nationals. In 1977, Kris was back winning almost everything, except the bi-

ennial world championships, in which they've participated together since advancing out of the boys' division in 1971 (Kris) and 1973 (Bob), there have been only two occasions when a LaPoint didn't win—the 1974 Masters and the 1975 world. Competition begins with a 75-foot-long tow rope and the boat usually traveling at 26 mph. After each run the speed is increased until the maximum of 36 mph is reached. Skiers who have made perfect passes up until this point now enter a new phase of competition wherein the rope is progressively shortened until all the competitors have missed a buoy or fallen. Whoever clears the most buoys with the shortest rope wins.

Now back to the LaPoints' record. When they are sking at "38 off" (of the original 75-foot line), the rope is a mere 37 feet long. That is a foot shorter than the distance from the middle of the boat out to the buoys. For 16 seconds, the time it takes for the boat to traverse the course at 36 mph, the skier, even when he has 75 feet of line to play with, is continually accelerating or decelerating, leaning or pulling, and making hairy hairpin turns. As the rope is shortened, he must swing wider and wider of the boat to complete the turns. Thus the skier has

## EVERYONE POINTS FOR

to travel ever faster and make each turn that much sharper. Like about 120 degrees, with one arm hanging on to the rope, his body extended over the buoy, nearly parallel to the water to make up for the insufficient length of line, and the ski edging to the utmost, throwing up a 30-foot wall of spray. When the rope gets down to 35 off or shorter, there seems to be no way for a skier to come out of such a turn—and many don't. But frequently the body control, timing and strength of the LaPoints bring them

cutswood

cutswood

cutswood



## THE LAPOINTS

But no one beats brothers Bob (above) and Kris, who are clearly tops even when they are slalomming around the buoys on Kris' catfish farm by BILL COLSON



around the buoy erect and in good position to explode toward the next one at some 70 mph.

By being bigger, stronger and better athletes than slalomers of the past, the LaPoints have pushed the sport to limits never thought possible. At 6' 2", 195 and 6' 3", 205, respectively, Bob and Kris have ideal slalom physiques—long and strong. Their height gives them the added reach that's critical in short-line slalom, and their massive shoulders and forearms enable them to pull out of turns on balance while sustaining 1,000 pounds of pressure on the rope.

"Four or five buoys at 35 off will win most tournaments," says Harvey McLeod, the editor of *Spray* magazine. "and Bob and Kris are good for that in any conditions. When the weather is right, they're the only ones who routinely make perfect passes at 35 off." Both LaPoints have cleared all six buoys at 38 off, but only in practice runs.

Considering that they have been battling each other at the highest level of

their sport for the better part of a decade, the LaPoints remain remarkably close. "We've always helped each other and gotten along well, even at tournaments," says Kris. "It's almost like a team thing. Someone might beat one of us but not both. A win by either of us carries on the LaPoint name. If I have to lose, I'd rather it be to Bob than anyone else. That's almost like a half victory for me."

Just such a half victory is the best Kris has been able to do in the world championships. Bob has won the last two worlds, and before that, Kris couldn't compete because he's a one-event skier and the world championships are a team tournament. Before 1975 only skiers with a chance of picking up points in at least two of the three events were selected for the U.S. squad. Now world-record holders can compete in their specialties—although their scores don't count toward their nation's totals.

Water skiing's other two events are jumping and tricks. Neither of the LaPoints trick-skis competitively, but both have jumped. Though a series of nasty falls ended Kris' jumping career in 1968—he wears a protective girdle and bandage when he slaloms—Bob is still at it, despite some frightening mishaps of his own. In 1977 an unintentional belly flop from an altitude of about 30 feet put him in the hospital with a concussion and a bruised heart. The next year he tore the cartilage in his right knee.

Currently, Bob is one of the two or three top jumpers in the world. He's won both the Masters and national jumping titles but is still seeking a world championship. "One of the reasons I like to jump is that I haven't won everything," Bob says. "The slalom is tough because we are always expected to win. Others can just take shots at us without anything to lose."

Water-ski jumpers don't work the air currents the way snow-ski jumpers do. Nor do they soar as far (190 feet vs. 300). But they fly about three times as high as snow-ski jumpers, and their approach is more difficult. A snow-ski

jumper's principal worry is timing his spring at the end of the run-in. In water-ski jumping, the tow boat passes 52 feet to the right of the ramp and the skier is continually cutting back and forth across the boat's wake in order to build up speed. Timing is all-important. At the last possible moment, the skier shoots across the waves and heads for the ramp, centrifugal force transforming 35 mph of boat speed into a 65-mph run-in for the jump.

"At that speed the ramp looks like a wall," says Kris. "The natural tendency is to lean backward, but you need to be forward to get a good lift. If you're too far forward, you eat it—go right over the top and take a terrible fall."

The LaPoints do most of their skiing at Kris' place just outside of tiny Los Banos, Calif., in the San Joaquin Valley. Also in residence is a tailless tomcat named Cat and a few million catfish. Kris' private water-ski utopia does double duty as a 55-acre catfish farm. Bob regularly commutes the 120 miles to Los Banos from his house in Castro Valley, the San Francisco suburb where he and Kris grew up. He's usually accompanied by an assortment of friends. In exchange for help with the chores, Kris gives Bob and his buddies beds to sleep in, all the fish they can eat and, most important, a chance to "ski their brains out."

About two-thirds of Kris' property is covered by 12 man-made lakes stocked with fish. "I sold about 10,000 pounds last year," says Kris. "That isn't a lot, but I'll have 50,000 pounds this year, and I have the potential for 100,000."

The biggest of the lakes is 1,600 feet long, large enough for two slalom courses and a jump. Skiing on it serves a useful purpose beyond providing the LaPoints with practice. "The decomposition of food and waste in the water uses up oxygen the fish need to survive," Kris says. "To replenish it you need to keep the water moving. A lot of fish farmers have mechanical aerators, but running the boat through the water accomplishes the same thing."

That's vintage Kris LaPoint. If there's a way to do two or three things at once, he'll find it. "He's the most intense and goal-oriented person I've ever met," says Cathy Marlow, the No. 4-rated woman slalom skier in the world, who has dated both brothers. "Bob at least will take time to relax—play tennis or racquetball or go snow skiing or scuba diving. He'll even

Kris shows off one of the tasty by products of his water skiing.



have an occasional beer. Kris never. He has so many things going that he hardly ever gets more than five hours of sleep a night. The last thing he would ever consider would be going, say, to the beach and just doing nothing."

For the last five years Kris has had a dealership for MasterCraft Boats, and in September he and Bob and Robert Shirley, owner of the boat company, formed MasterCraft Ski, Inc. to produce water skis. Until this year, the LaPoints had performed on skis provided by manufacturers but carefully modified by the brothers. Although most skiers contend that you could put a LaPoint on barn siding and he'd still win, Bob and Kris are convinced that the thousands of hours they've spent testing and experimenting with skis give them a decided advantage. They are as obsessed with the nuances of a ski as a golfer is with the subtleties of a putter. The slightest variation in shape, weight, flex, bevel or composition can, in their minds, affect performance.

"In 20 seconds I can run a ski with a file or turn a halfway decent one into a good ski," says Bob. "You wouldn't believe how many good skiers are on bad skis and don't know it."

Kris even attributes his and Bob's long run of success to their preoccupation with ski technology. "We have always been in the forefront of those who've come up with new ideas about skis," he says. "And the testing we do helps make us adaptable. The water has a different feel at every site. Depth, mineral content, wind and temperature all affect how you run a course. A slalom skier has to be able to analyze those variables and then adapt. Our design work has definitely helped us in that regard."

Sliding isn't the only sport in which they make use of their mechanical and analytical skills. During the past few years both LaPoints have become increasingly involved in auto racing. In fact, they plan to race full time after retiring from skiing. "For now, though, it gives us a chance to do something competitive without the pressures we get at ski tournaments," says Kris. "In racing we're just like everybody else."

If their performances at the Bob Bonduant School in Sears Point, Calif., the most prestigious race-driver training center in the country, are any indication, they may not be like everybody else for long. "The LaPoints were two of the best students we've ever had here," says their

instructor, Bob Earl. "They both were sensitive to the car, which comes from being relaxed at high speeds. You rarely see that with students."

"Both slalom skiing and car racing put a high premium on reflexes and concentration," says Bob. "One of the key fundamentals of racing is learning to find the apex of a turn and then coming out of it with the highest acceleration possible while still under control. It's the same with slaloming."

Bob has had some excellent finishes and qualifying times in Sports Car Club of America races, but is still looking for his first victory. He doesn't expect to get it until he comes up with the \$20,000 needed for a new car. Until then he'll have to be content with testing his nerve in a 4-year-old Formula Ford. Or on a 400-cc enduro motorcycle. He entered his first cycle race, the Alligator Enduro in Daytona, Fla., in March and finished a respectable 17th out of 80 in his class.

"Daytona was a killer," says Bob. "Three hours in 85° heat of nonstop bouncing and getting beat to death. Fortunately I had built up some endurance from skiing."

Kris, on the other hand, prefers a kind of racing in which a decision is reached in 12 seconds or so. On Sunday afternoons he heads for the dragstrip with a '56 Austin-Healy in tow. Actually, the car is a Healy in body only. Kris spent the better part of a year stuffing a race-prepared Chevrolet engine into the sports car's body. He has won a dozen or so of what are called bracket races, in which the driver must not only beat another car but also run the quarter mile in as close to a predesignated time as he can.

"I prefer bracket racing because there's about a 50-50 emphasis on the driver and the car," Kris says. "It stresses the consistency and the reactions of the driver rather than just how much money went into the car. In some types of racing the car is virtually everything—you can be a poor driver and still win."

Economies are also a major concern in the LaPoints' primary sport. Kris has won more money and more titles than any slalom in history, yet his official earnings over a 10-year career come to



"Someone might beat one of us but not both," says Kris (left)

slightly more than \$10,000. Bob, who won virtually everything there was to win last year, made \$1,000 slaloming in 1979.

These are pretty skimpy rewards, even for a sport as small as water skiing. Trouble is, all the prestige events—namely the Masters, nationals and world championships—offer zilch in the way of prize money, and that's just how the American Water Ski Association, the sport's governing body, wants to keep things

Partly because of that policy, the LaPoints have boycotted the Masters the past two years. "They charge admission and take in TV revenues, but the skiers get next to nothing," says Bob. "In 1967, Kris' first year there, he got \$40 for hotel expenses and \$150 for travel. In 1977 it was exactly the same."

"The AWSA is where it was 20 years ago—concerned only with promoting recreational and family skiing," adds Terry Snow of *World Water Skiing* magazine. "It has always fought pro skiing."

"These guys need our tournaments more than the tournaments need them," counters Bill Clifford, who has been executive director of the AWSA since 1958. "Our primary obligation is to a national membership not involved in cash-prize tournaments. We can't justify spending the time or the expense to put money in the pockets of a few."

Or the pockets of two, as long as the LaPoints are around. **END**





by ANITA VERSCHOTH

Fast, fast, fast relief from pain and puny performances is on the way, thanks to Dr. Richard Kaufman and MORA, the mouthpiece for athletes suffering from TMJ distress

## YOUR TEETH INTO THIS



**F**or anyone who watched the huge competition at the Lake Placid Olympics, the most profound impression left by the sport was one of weirdness. Striking a weird pose on a weird contraption, these weirdly dressed athletes—they wore flimsy, skintight jumpsuits of the most sinister hues—went careening down a weirdly twisting course. Ah, but perhaps the weirdest thing of all about the lugers, at least those on the U.S. team, went unnoticed. They wore mouthpieces. Nothing strange about that—except that the Americans wore them not to protect their teeth but because they believed the mouthpiece to be a secret weapon that infuses its wearer's muscles with extra strength, beignifies his concentration and, especially, makes pain go away. Crazy, right? Well, what do you expect from people who voluntarily go shooting through icy turns at 60 mph while lying on their backs?

That's just the point. Lugers must keep their heads slightly raised so they can see to steer their rocketing sleds. This means their head and neck muscles are constantly tensed during runs, and that strain is exacerbated by forces of two to four Gs. All this stress causes severe headaches. There's hardly anything a luger will not try if it promises to alleviate the throb of minging headache pain, and this was what the mouthpieces were said to do. As it turned out, they did, really. In addition, the U.S. luge team achieved its best results ever in an Olympics, and the bobsledders, who were quick to put the bite on the magic mouthpieces after hearing of the lugers' success with them, performed better than they had in 24 years.

The mouthpiece in question isn't the horseshoe-shaped soft rubber thing that can be bought in a sporting goods store for a couple of dollars. This mouthpiece is small and nearly weightless, two strips of acrylic material that fit precisely over the lower molars and the bicusps. They're held painlessly in place by two small stainless-steel clips that latch between the first and second bicusps and a bridge of stainless-steel wire that passes behind the lower incisors. It's very comfortable and easy to install, and most wearers can speak clearly with it in their mouths. They can even eat while wearing one.

The mouthpieces used by the lugers and bobsledders were made to measure by Dr. Richard Kaufman, a 42-year-old orthodontist from Oceanside, N.Y. Kaufman belongs to a small group of doctors who are active in the virtually

*continued*

*Kaufman, an orthodontist, theorizes that his mouthpiece doesn't add strength; it simply allows a person to make full use of what power he's got.*



Lacrosse player Kathy Martin got rid of her chronic headaches and now talks up a storm with MORA

unheard-of field of sports dentistry. "The head is often ignored in the development of an athlete," says Kaufman. "A dentist can control 50% of the body." Over the past six years, Kaufman has helped people to perform better and feel better by giving them something to sink their teeth into.

The luge team first learned of Kaufman's magic mouthpiece from Carole Maddox, mother of luger Jim Maddox. Carole, a registered nurse, had seen Kaufman being interviewed on TV and urged her son to be fitted for the appliance. After a while not only did Jim notice he didn't get headaches when he wore the piece, but U.S. Coach Piotr Rogowski also observed that Maddox didn't crash as often as he had, that, in fact, he seemed better at controlling his sled. Rogowski, a native of Poland who came to the U.S. in 1974, recalls that he had to submit to thorough dental examinations as a competitor in that country in the 1960s and suspects that all the top Eastern European lugers have been wearing mouthpieces for years.

Last January Kaufman was invited to come to Lake Placid and make mouthpieces for 16 lugers who were training for the U.S. Olympic team. Debbie Genovese, a 25-year-old dental assistant from Rockford, Ill. who wound up 15th in the Games, tying the best finish for an American woman ever, said, "I feel

the mouthpiece really improved my performance. I felt more comfortable on the sled when I was wearing it. It reduced my headaches and kept my teeth from chattering."

Joe Tyler, 32, of Saranac Lake, N.Y., is one of eight bobsledders who ordered mouthpieces and, together with Brent Rushlaw, came in a respectable sixth in the Olympic two-man competition. "Our sport is just as jarring as the luge," he says, "and the mouthpiece acts as a shock absorber. But the greatest benefit I got from wearing it was an increase in strength while lifting weights. The biggest change took place in my legs."

Tyler says that he was able to do four soleus calf raises of 135 pounds without the mouthpiece. Wearing the mouthpiece, he is able to do as many as 20 reps. Tyler, a brakeman, does most of the pushing at the start of a bob run. Once he started using his mouthpiece he lowered his push time over the first 50 meters to less than five seconds. "I had been trying to break the five-second mark for six years," he says.

All this seems to call for comparing Kaufman's mouthpiece with Samson's hair, but, according to Kaufman, the mouthpiece doesn't add power, it simply releases strength a person already has that's tied up by stress. Strength is sapped when one's jaw is out of whack or when one's teeth are not properly aligned. One

may even have such manifestations of TMJ distress without knowing it. Those initials refer to the temporomandibular joint, which connects the lower jaw to the skull. If the TMJ is under stress because of an imbalance, it uses up muscle strength, causing fatigue and pain. "It's like sitting on the edge of a chair," says Kaufman. "You can't do it for long without straining all sorts of muscles." Kaufman estimates that about 80% of the U.S. population suffers from TMJ misalignment but that most people are unaware of the cause of their discomfort.

"What happens is that the brain picks up the fact of the misalignment from the bite when you swallow, from your teeth when they touch," says Kaufman. "Then the brain sends the message to, let's say, your arm to compensate for the misalignment, and the arm has to work that much harder and it will tire faster."

Kaufman's mouthpiece, which he calls MORA—for mandibular orthopedic repositioning appliance—and which he custom-makes for \$350, corrects the misalignment. It fills in any unevenness between the upper and lower teeth, even spaces where teeth are missing, and lines the teeth up properly. It also lowers the bottom jaw and brings it forward, taking pressure off the TMJ. Consequently, most headaches disappear, even cases of scoliosis (curvature of the spine) can improve, and the wearer experiences a feeling of well-being enhanced by extra energy and strength. While this may sound like a snake-oil pitch, the fact is that these improvements can be measured.

Paul Anderson, a 22-year-old decathlete at C.W. Post College in New York, has been training and competing with his MORA since January. He has discovered that it helps him most in the pole vault and the weight events. "I used to average 14 feet to 14'6" in the vault," he says. "The week after I got the mouthpiece I cleared 15 feet for the first time, and now I clear it pretty regularly. My personal best in the shotput has gone up by almost three feet."

Before the 1979 fall college baseball season, Kaufman fitted New York Tech pitchers Hank Iervolino and Nick Melitto with mouthpieces. After the season, Iervolino said, "I was definitely throwing harder. I used to rely mainly on my curve and slider. This fall I went more to my fastball and I was blowing it by the batters more frequently. I pitched

*continued*

# Walt Garrison answers your questions about moist smokeless tobacco.

**Q:** Walt, just what is Moist Smokeless Tobacco?

**A:** It's just what it says: Tobacco you enjoy without lighting up and smoking.

**Q:** And, "a pinch is all it takes!" is that right?

**A:** You bet. Just take a small pinch in your thumb and forefinger, and put it between your cheek and gum. Leave it there. No need to chew. The tobacco slowly releases its great flavor giving you real satisfaction.

**Q:** Does "Going Smokeless" take some getting used to?

**A:** Sure. At first you could feel a slight irritation on the gum, and the tobacco may move around your mouth more than it should; and you might work up too much saliva. But learning is part of the fun and these things pass with practice. Two weeks should make you a "pro."

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**A:** There sure is. **Happy Days** is a mild, satisfying blend of mint-flavored



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**Q:** What's the cost?

**A:** We figure an average user "dips" about 1½ cans per week at a cost of about \$1.00. Nice to know in these times when everything else costs so much.

**Q:** How many people use Happy Days, Skoal and Copenhagen?

**A:** A lot more than you might think. Last year we sold over 325 million cans. New users, of all ages, from every part of the country, are joining up all the time. (Even loose-leaf chewers are mixing it in with their brands for extra flavor.)

**Q:** Thanks a lot, Walt. Where can I buy Happy Days, Skoal and Copenhagen?

**A:** Just ask for it at your favorite tobacco counter; Or mail the coupon below and we'll send you a free can of Happy Days to get you started.



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more than 250 innings this year. I should have been tired, but I wasn't."

Melito added, "I don't know if I was throwing the ball faster, but I was throwing longer without getting tired. I seemed to have more strength and stamina. When I tried pitching without the mouth guard I got tired quicker and I felt more pain in my arm afterward. Some might say it's psychological, but I don't think so."

Kathy Marin, an 18-year-old lacrosse player at Massapequa (N.Y.) High, has had a severe case of TMJ distress since childhood. She suffered frequent headaches and her jaw was often sore. When she was 10 she wore braces, and her orthodontist made her wear a chin strap at night. Other doctors told her not to eat apples. She bought her first mouthpiece, the standard plastic kind, for protection when she began playing lacrosse in ninth grade, but it was so cumbersome that she had trouble breathing while wearing it, nor could she talk. "When I wanted to yell something to my teammates, I had to take the mouthpiece out," she says. "I play 'cover point,' I'm right in front of the goal, and when the ball's anywhere near our goal, I really have to yell a lot." Besides, the mouth guard did nothing to alleviate Kathy's headaches, which were especially severe when she ran, and a lacrosse game amounts to almost an hour of constant sprinting.

Last March, Kaufman fitted Kathy with a MORA, and she has been free of headaches ever since. She used to wake up in the middle of the night with headaches, but now that she has gotten used to wearing the mouthpiece while sleeping, she no longer wakes up before morning. When she gets out of bed she feels "full of energy."

The MORA will cushion a blow to the top of the head or under the chin, and it may help prevent concussions, but it isn't recommended for heavy contact sports, such as boxing or football (except perhaps for quarterbacks), where more complete protection is needed. For athletes in these sports, Kaufman makes a larger mouthpiece that covers the top and bottom front teeth. Even though this mouthpiece is made of softer plastic material, it, too, has been shown to increase strength, but to a lesser degree than the more precisely fitted, more rigid MORA.

Most athletes who visit Kaufman have come to get the MORA. Typically, during a patient's first session, when Kaufman takes impressions of the patient's

bite, he also uses a few simple demonstrations to persuade the patient of the rightness of his decision to get a MORA. Kaufman sticks his pinkies into the patient's ears and asks him to open and shut his mouth. The patient will most likely feel either his jaw pressing back against the pinkies or a popping sensation in one or both of his jaw joints, a phenomenon that is known in the jaw biz as "the click." Each of these signals a misalignment of the TMJ, but the click indicates a more severe problem. It means that the disk separating the condyle (top of the jaw) from the skull doesn't move in unison with the condyle. Therefore, the condyle snaps over the thick part of the disk and produces an audible click.

Next, Kaufman shows how the TMJ and the bite are tied to muscle strength. He asks the patient to stretch out one arm and resist while Kaufman tries to push the arm down. Kaufman, whose arms tend to flub rather than brawn, doesn't succeed. Then the patient is asked to press down with two fingers on his right TMJ—the spot where the lower jaw meets the skull in front of his right ear—while his left arm remains outstretched. This time, Kaufman lowers the extended arm with ease. Kaufman then realigns the patient's jaw—which usually means pushing it forward—to simulate the effect a MORA would have and gives him two cotton wads to bite on while he again presses on his right TMJ and attempts to resist Kaufman's push on his outstretched left arm. The patient finds that his strength has returned. In fact, measured on a kinesiometer, his strength while biting the wads registers considerably higher than in the first phase of the demonstration.

The relationship between bite and strength is borne out in a study conducted by a doctor who isn't a dentist, Jeffrey Cartwright-Smith, Ph.D., of the department of psychology at Vassar College, measured the effect of a grimace—a facial expression made by altering the position of the bottom

jaw—on the strength of the hands. Working with 32 subjects, he found that grimacing produced a significant increase in hand strength.

Dr. Stephen Smith, director of the Temporomandibular Orthopedics Center at the Philadelphia College of Osteopathic Medicine, has for several years been fitting some members of the Philadelphia Eagles with his custom-made protective mouthpieces and "bite-adjusting" the regular mouth guards of others. "What we have been finding through the use of mouthpieces is an increase in body muscle strength," says Smith. "Even if you take someone who has a good solid bite to start with, he gets better muscle bracing with the mouthpiece. And we definitely had fewer concussions. In fact, the players who wore mouth guards all the time have had none. Physically you have a change in the stress factor. It seems to be a very deep-seated neurological change, a change in the electrical

continued



First time he wore a MORA, Carter beat Wilkins and Powell

firing pattern from the motor cortex in the brain. With the mouthpiece in, the muscle is suddenly stronger. In some cases, you get a doubling in muscle strength all over the body."

One of Kaufman's mentors in his study of TMJ syndrome has been Dr. Harold Gelb, the former director of a temporomandibular joint clinic in Manhattan. Dr. Gelb has dealt with TMJ cases for 25 years, primarily working to cure such problems as hiccups and headaches. "My practice deals strictly with pain," he says. Interest in relieving pain is only part of what led Kaufman to his study of the MORA's use in sports. Six years ago it hit him that his profession might actually be doing harm by straightening a person's teeth solely with braces without giving much thought to repositioning the jaw as well. So, for these patients and others with head, neck and back aches from TMJ disorder, he prescribed MORAs. To his surprise, some of the high school and junior high school athletes he treated came back saying that while wearing MORAs they were able to hit a baseball farther or lift more weight. Kaufman took to studying these unexpected side benefits of the device and now, several years later, his offices at the Medical Center in Oceanside are becoming a mecca for athletes.

A couple of months ago, Kaufman was visited by Al Oerter, who lives in nearby West Islip and often trains at C.W. Post College. Oerter won the gold medal in the discus in four consecutive Olympics—1956, '60, '64 and '68—and now, at the age of 43, is pursuing a comeback. "You are overclosed," Kaufman said as he examined Oerter's teeth.

"I have a history of upper-spine problems," Oerter said. "I had to wear a cervical collar for eight years of competition. I don't wear it anymore because of the muscle I've been putting on in my shoulders through new training techniques, but the spine problem is still there."

"You should see a change with this," Kaufman said, producing a MORA he had made for another patient.

Oerter, manager for Grumman Data Systems Corp., began acting as if he were investigating a contract proposal: "Do I



Kaufman's portrait of the U.S. luge team: bad bites abounding

wear it all the time? What are the dangers? I've been lifting weights a lot lately, and when I feel really strong, I worry about knee problems."

Kaufman: "Your body will work more efficiently and you may be able to take more stress."

Oerter: "Should I bite down very hard?"

Kaufman: "If you bite hard normally." Oerter: "I don't bite hard normally. I don't really know how much I bite down during the execution of a throw. I've never been aware of it. I'll have to experiment. There's no way I can bite the device in half or something?"

Kaufman: "Plastic can wear. It can fray at the edges. But I can just smooth it off or add more plastic to build it up. You just go in and do your thing as you've always done it. The more you get used to it, the more comfortable it is."

Oerter: "No trouble with ingesting?"

Kaufman pointed to the small wires that would hook onto Oerter's teeth. "You can eat with it, Al," he said. "If you take it out you may lose it. I knew a luger who took it out and put it on his lunch tray. He lost it."

"In 10 days your mouthpiece will be finished. It's also a non-surgical face lift, you know. As the jaw is moved down and out, it takes away wrinkles."

Oerter: "That's not important in discus throwing."

In the ensuing strength test, Kaufman managed to lower Oerter's arm about five or six inches when Oerter pressed on his TMJ without the cotton wads to bite on. Oerter acknowledged this weakening reluctantly.

After taking impressions of Oerter's upper and lower teeth, Kaufman found that his new patient's lower teeth are one half tooth off center. Oerter is also missing his upper 12-year-old molars, and his jaw is out of alignment. The MORA for him would be built to take all these flaws into account.

Recently Oerter was asked to comment on the benefits of his MORA after having worn it for several weeks. "What the hell is a MORA?" he asked. "Oh, the bite plate." Then he reported, "It certainly doesn't hurt to wear

one, but to what extent it helps isn't known yet. It does help my lifting. I seem to be able to apply a little more strength by biting down on the plate and holding. There is less tension in the upper neck—which is very important to me because of my neck problems. There is less pressure with the bite plate. I don't think I experience the same increase in throwing, but if I can get an increase in lifting, it will eventually help the throwing. One drawback during competition is that it makes your mouth dry, which can be very disconcerting. Also, if you forget to bite down on it during competition, the effect is zero, at least as far as I am concerned. But so far it hasn't hurt, so I'll continue using it. The only way I can find out what it could eventually do for me is by continuing to experiment."

However, wearing the mouthpiece at the Mt. SAC Relays in April, Oerter won the discus with a throw of 214' 3", beating both Mac Wilkins and John Powell. "It's the first time I've been able to get in front of them," he said. At the UCLA-Pepsi Invitational three weeks later, Oerter finished third, behind Wilkins and Powell, with a throw of 211' 3". Considering that Oerter won his last Olympic gold medal with a 212' 6½", it all conjures up visions of a Miracle Mouthpiece-equipped Oerter as a straight-jawed septuagenarian still going for gold medals.

END

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## NOW YOU'RE FAMOUS, NOW YOU'RE NOT

"Well, Ken," we'll say to the interviewer someday. "I've worked 10 years on this backhand, and by God I think it'll beat Connors today." And Ken will say, "That's the way it is from courtide, and now back to the booth."

TV is such a part of our lives that most of us harbor a secret media fantasy. Alone on the back nine, we practice facial expressions for network closeups. Or jogging lazily around the block, we imagine the tape at the finish line, the camera lights, the upthrust microphone. Artist and self-proclaimed celebrity Andy Warhol has predicted that each of us will be famous for 15 minutes. Well, NBC may make big strides toward turning that prophecy into a prime-time reality with a new show called (for the moment) *The Sunday Games*.

Bruce Jenner, apparently with nothing better to do now that NBC has canceled its Moscow Olympics coverage, hosted the recent two-hour Games pilot. The show, Jenner proclaimed, was dedicated "to the people who have fun, everyday folks who love to compete and go for it." But wait, don't run out and buy a can of pancake makeup and a new warmup suit just yet. It may be a while before *Games* gets to your neck of the woods and your level of competition.

In 11 uneven segments, hyped by the voice of former *Laugh-In* announcer Gary Owens, the *Games* pilot lurches through stunts with professional bouncers, professional stuntmen cracking up cars in the Autodrome, the running of the bulls in Pamplona and the inexplicable antics of Royal Navy sailors galloping over obstacles while donning and reassembling a 19th-century field gun. Just everyday folks and tawdriness going for it.

The show is slated for the fall season as *The Sunday Games*. Because we seem to be stuck with it, we can only hope that future installments, which will run for only an hour, will be more streamlined than the pilot.

In the opening segment, six professional nightclub bouncers, looking for all the world like a herd of crazed Beefeaters, vaulted bars, ran around tables, crashed through doors and gave the bum's rush to a stuntman fitted with a special harness that allowed the bouncers to easily pick him up and toss him out the door.

NBC provided a measure of fun by preediting straight sports programming—filling segments with stop-action and slow-motion re-

plays, post-event interviews and "expert" commentary. In "The World Belly Flop Championship" from Vancouver, a stop-action shot held a 325-pounder in mid-flop while comedian Arnie Johnson pointed out that the man failed to "dislocate" and thereby lost points. But when sportscaster Charlie Jones invaded a pre-teen girls gymnastics meet in Los Angeles, the kind of event that occurs each weekend, and asked a panting 11-year-old why she was competing, well, that wasn't parody. It was simply stupidity.

The winner of the bouncers event was a certain Mr. T, a giant with a Mohawk haircut who is not only a pro bouncer but also a former bodyguard for Leon Spinks. If Mr. T. is just one of us ordinary folks going for it, then Bill Rodgers is just a guy out for a jog.

But, then, NBC hardly stuck to a just-folks approach in the "events." It worried out Joe Namath, O.J. Simpson and Donna DeVarona to envision a collegiate beer "chug-off," and got two-time Olympic weightlifter Bruce Wilhelm to lend his bulk to a tug-of-war between Hoboken, N.J. icamsters and longhornmen.

That's too bad, because the only people who gave *Games* any charm were us "real" folks. The best moments of the program were the ballistic and electric performances of the New York City girls who skipped rope "double Dutch," using two ropes swinging in opposite directions. Shown to the music of *Dancing on the Streets* and shot against the gritty background of Harlem, the sequence led the human spirit soar across the screen, without benefit of commentary, slo-mo or points awarded. Every once in a while somebody at NBC knows when to shut up.

A segment on the Special Olympics, a competition for the mentally retarded, was also handled with a dry-eyed and underserved clarity that gave it grace. But these scenes were far too few. Replace the unknowns with celebs, and the *Games* pilot could have been any one



DAVID (KILLER) O'LEARY, ONE OF AMERICA'S TOUGHEST BOUNCERS?

of those trash-sports shows that always seem to be shot with a singles apartment complex as the background and the participants pinching each other on the arm and saying how much fun they're having.

Also, Warhol's prediction has its dangerous side: most of us don't deserve 15 minutes of celebrity. We're boring. Commentators relentlessly overstated the point that the union members in the Hoboken tug-of-war were emotionally involved, but it was rather obvious that these guys were turned on mostly by the presence of the TV cameras. Teamsters and longhornmen these days are just about as media-hip as presidential candidates, which they prove every time they're on strike and are interviewed by local newsmen.

*Games* may offer to stroke our TV fantasies, but do we really want Bruce Jenner, or even Donna DeVarona, in there for the "Singing in the Shower" contest? There should be a place in our recreation where microphones don't sprout like electronic celery, where a guy can throw a baseball straight up in the air and catch it and dream he's Fred Lynn without a camera intruding. A New York businessman, asked why he was running before the bulls in Pamplona, replied, "I just have to get away. I'm too hemmed in by technology."

We all feel that way sometimes. And the guy almost made it. But he just couldn't get away from being interviewed. Saddest of all, he appeared to enjoy his time on the air. **END**

## No strike is a real ball

*A "small miracle" kept the big-leaguers on the field and the fans in the stands*

At 5 a.m. last Friday, weary representatives of baseball's players and owners reached agreement on a new four-year contract that avoided a long-threatened and, it seemed only hours before, certain interruption of the 1980 season. But the confusion and misunderstanding that characterized the months of negotiations did not end with the settlement. True, there would be winners and losers on the field later that day, but who had won and who had lost in the negotiations? And what "small miracle," as the players' man, Marvin Miller, insisted would be necessary, had occurred to resolve the critical free-agent-compensation issue?

About noon the Associated Press provided a startling answer. The owners had gotten "essentially what they wanted." By late afternoon, however, it became clear that neither side had won or lost. If there was any victory, it belonged to

the baseball fan, who would not have to miss a single pitch—at least for the remainder of this season.

Throughout the negotiations the two sides had agreed on only one thing—that a strike would be detrimental to everybody. "We have no way of knowing just how much a strike could end up damaging our product," says Boston General Manager Haywood Sullivan, "but let's face it, working out a compromise was in the best interests of all of us."

However, it was the owners who seemed to be provoking the strike until

they made a last-minute concession to avoid one. According to Ken Moffett, the "48-going-on-1,000"-year-old federal mediator who presided over the discussions from March 30 on, first in Palm Springs and then at New York's Doral Inn, "Any negotiations in which management wants to take away something that the workers have, you've got the likelihood of a strike." From the morose talks began last fall, the owners had pressed for give-backs. "When they realized the players were serious about striking," said Moffett, "the owners relented and made an acceptable proposal."

The critical issue was increased compensation for clubs that lose players to free agency. After the players gained the right to become free agents in 1976, the only compensation a team got for a player who signed with a new club was a choice in the amateur draft. Free agents moved freely—and, for them, very profitably—from team to team if the four reentry drafts that followed. But in the 1980 negotiations, the owners demanded that for every player of any stature that a team lost, it would receive a compensating player chosen from among 22 to 25 unprotected players on the signing team's 40-man roster. The players objected vehemently. Fearing that such compensation would restrict their mobility and limit salaries, they voted on April 1 to boycott the last week of spring training and, if no resolution had been reached, to strike on May 23.

After six weeks of no progress on the key issue, the players, on May 15, suggested settling all other matters—pension funding, minimum salary and the like—and submitting compensation to a two-year study (later reduced to one year). No, said the owners, compensation must be settled now; failing that, negotiations should proceed on all issues while the season continued. But the players refused to play after May 22 without a contract.

The two sides met across two Formica-topped tables placed end to end in Suite 1706 of the Doral Inn. Representing the



*Peace is wonderful, but it won't last unless agreement is reached on compensation*

continued

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players were Miller, consultant Dick Moss, attorney Don Fehr and various players as their teams came through town. On the owners' side were chief negotiator Ray Grebey, league presidents Lee MacPhail (American) and Chub Feeney (National) and attorney Barry Rona. On the tables between them were large pitchers of water. "We are separated," said one negotiator, "by oceans."

And they remained that way until last Thursday. Under pressure from a handful of owners who strongly favored a compromise, Commissioner Bowie Kuhn convened a 10 a.m. meeting of the owners' 10-man player relations committee. Sitting in Kuhn's boardroom under a photograph of Jackie Robinson, the committeemen finally decided to soften their position and seek a compromise.

"I don't remember who brought up the idea first," says Kuhn, "but we began talking about a study committee [similar to that proposed by the players]. By the afternoon the committee had moved over to the American League office, which is between my office and the Doral. Yes, the sides were getting closer and closer."

Later that afternoon Grebey asked Moffett if the owners' study proposal would be worth presenting. "Trot it out," said Moffett. Grebey did 90 minutes later at a pivotal meeting with Miller and Moffett in Moffett's Doral bedroom.

Grebey's reintroduction of the study committee may have been the turning point of the negotiations, but it did not assure an immediate settlement. As late as 9:30 p.m. Miller still believed only a "small miracle" would prevent a strike. The miracle came after repeated private meetings between the two chief negotiators, who took to avoiding the press by using freight elevators while en route to informal one-on-one sessions. When both negotiating teams reconvened, they made more progress in a few hours than all the previous months of non-negotiation. At 5 a.m. Grebey and Miller walked into the Crystal Room to announce that a settlement had been reached. Even though they withheld details of the agreement, the message was clearly "Play ball!"

The sudden spurt toward agreement caught everyone else off guard. Following an 8-5 victory over the Mets in Shea Stadium, the Houston Astros sat down to a "strike dinner" in the Shea Diamond Club, courtesy of owner John McMullen.

At 12:35 a.m., as the players finished eating their steaks, Pitcher Joe Niekro, the player rep, and McMullen placed phone calls to Miller and Kuhn. Miller, apparently optimistic that a settlement was forthcoming, told Niekro the team bus could leave for Philadelphia, where Houston would open a series the next day. Niekro celebrated by kissing the waitresses, and after thanking McMullen, the players departed.

The new compensation clause—or non-clause might be a better description of it—by no means precludes a strike in 1981 or 1982. The 1980 reentry draft will be conducted under the same minimal compensation rules as the 1976-79 drafts. A joint committee composed of two players and two club officials will convene no later than Aug. 1 to begin studying compensation. By Jan. 1, 1981 they must issue a report—or, more likely, two conflicting opinions—outlining their conclusions. The owners and players will then spend 30 days trying to hammer out a final solution. If no agreement is reached, the owners can unilaterally adopt the last compensation proposal they presented in this spring's negotiations or a less restrictive one for the November 1981 free-agent draft. In response, the players have three options: fully accept the owners' version of compensation; accept it only for the 1981 draft if the owners give them the right to strike in 1982; or strike by June 1, 1981.

The possibility that the owners could invoke compensation in 1981 does not greatly disturb the players, who, as Miller points out, can always strike. If it should come to that, Miller is ready to postpone his long-planned 1981 retirement. "I'll make you a pledge. If that's the situation, I'll still be here," he says.

## THE WEEK

(May 18-24)

by HERM WEISKOPF

## AL WEST

There were optimistic predictions from both sides before the A's met the Royals (6-1). "I guarantee they won't get five hard-hit balls if I'm out there nine innings," said Oakland right-hander Mike Norris. An even more precise forecast came from Kansas City's Willie Mays Aikens, who said that teammate Rich Gale, who had lost seven times in a row since

last August, would win 1-0 with a five-hitter and that Willie himself would drive in the run. As it turned out, both predictions were on target. Norris gave up only four hits in eight innings, but the Royals won 1-0 as Gale and two relievers allowed five hits. Sure enough, Aikens picked up the RBI. The Royals set a league record when they began a 5-3 win over the Angels with five straight hits. Dan Quisenberry got the save and afterward some advice by phone from another aseasoned reliever who had watched the game on television. The man on the line was Pittsburgh's Kent Tekulve, who had first given Quisenberry some useful tips during the off-season. This time Tekulve called to alert him that his wrist was too low when he threw his slider. This informed, Quisenberry earned another save and two wins as the Royals moved into first place.

After Francisco Barrón of the second-place White Sox (3-3) pitched 5½ innings to earn a 6-5 triumph over the Mariners, he was sent to the minors. This was done so that Barrón, who is recuperating from shoulder surgery, could pitch himself into shape during the impending strike. When the strike was avoided, the Sox found they had outsmarted themselves, because under major league rules Barrón cannot be recalled until June 1.

Three fine pitching efforts kept the Rangers (3-4) in the thick of the chase. Sparky Lyle's 5½ innings of scoreless relief, plus a 10th-inning single by Jim Norris, took care of New York 5-4. Danny Darwin was even better, fanning 10 Angels in 6½ innings of shutout relief as the Rangers won 12-6. And a two-hitter gave Ferguson Jenkins the 250th win of his career, by a 3-1 score over Oakland.

During a three-game span, the A's (2-5) stole 10 bases, including five by Ricky Henderson, who leads the league with 19.

Seattle 14-21 hitters were so hot that their bats were smoking. Well, at least Leon Roberts' were. After Roberts had two hits and three broken bats during Rich Honeycutt's 8-0 shutout of the White Sox, teammate Ted Cox tossed the splintered lumber into the clubhouse garbage can and set it afire.

Ken Landreux of the Twins (2-4) kept what he had found—his batting stroke—and Geoff Zahn found what he had been looking for—his under. By ending his hitting streak to a club-record 25 games, Landreux raised his average to .359. Zahn, who'd had major trouble for a couple of years, had been having difficulty getting his fastball to sink this season because his recovered arm felt so strong that he was muscling the ball. Against Chicago, however, Zahn's fastball began dipping once again, and he got 14 outs on grounders while winning 3-2.

From 1975 through 1977, Nolan Ryan and Frank Tanana gave the Angels (3-4) the best righty-lefty pitching combination in baseball as they won a total of 100 games. But megabucks have lured Ryan to the Astros, and Tanana, racked by arm miseries for two seasons,

continued

last week reached his nadir. In two starts, he reaped only four batters and was pummeled for 11 hits and 12 runs.

KC 23-16 CHN 22-18 OAK 21-19 TEX 20-19  
SEA 21-20 CAL 16-22 MNN 16-24

**AL EAST** New York (5-2) got a look into its future as youngsters Joe Lefebvre, Bobby Brown and Dennis Werth each hit his first major league home run and rightlander Mike Giffin got his first big league victory. Lefebvre became the fourth player in league history to homer in his first two games, his second came as a pinch hitter. That had helped send Toronto to a 7-3 defeat and give Ron Gaudry a 17-1 record since last season's All-Star break. Earlier, Gaudry shut out the Tigers 1-0, escaping from a bases-full, no-out jam in the sixth with a strikeout and double play. Detroit ended Tom Underwood's scoreless-inning string at 25, but the Yankees won 9-5 on 11th-inning home runs by Graig Nettles and Ruppert Jones. This was all part of a fine week by the division leaders, who cracked 13 homers, stole seven bases, made just three errors and turned over six double plays.

Toronto (2-5) sputtered downhill after its VW Attack—Ortiz Velez and Al Woods—hammered the A's (12-1) and the Red Sox 7-2. In those games Velez had five hits and six RBIs, and Woods six hits and seven ribbies. When Dwight Evans was benched with a 196 average, Jan (Pigpen) Dwyer took over in rightfield and cleaned up for Boston (3-3) by slamming four homers in three games.

Bon Ogilvie of the Brewers (3-3) brought his home-run total to 11 by hitting five for the week, including two during a 14-5 wipeout of the Minners. Although their plans to golf and fish during the strike had to be canceled, Bill Travers and Moose Haas had a splendid time anyway as they shut out the Twins with scoreless four-innings.

The Orioles (5-2) used one of their pet maneuvers in defeating the Indians 4-1. During the fifth inning, Eddie Murray took a big lead off first to draw Pitcher Rick Wiant's attention. Meanwhile, Gary Roenicke, who was on third, broke for home, and when Wiant fired belatedly to the plate, Murray stole second. Two victories by Steve Stone raised his record to 6-3. And Al Bumby's 14-for-27 hitting gave him a league-leading .261 average.

Cleveland (4-3) moved half a game ahead of Detroit (2-5) in the struggle for sixth place. John Denny's 4-0 whitewashing of the Orioles and the aggressive play of two young outfielders added the Indians. Joe Charboneau, 24, whose batting stats (.297, six homers, 21 RBIs) are the best for any American League rookie, had two home runs and five runs batted in as the Tribe beat the Orioles 4-2 and the Red Sox 7-2. Miguel Dilone, 25, turned on his speed during a 3-1 victory over Boston. After beating out an infield hit, Dilone went

as third on a wild pickoff throw and scored on Duane Kuiper's double. Dilone later legged an apparent single into a double and scored on a single. He also sped to deep center and made a leaping, glove-over-the-fence catch to rob Busch Hobson of a homer. The Tigers handed Tommy John of the Yanks his first loss, winning 12-8 as Rube Heiber homered twice and had six RBIs.

NY 24-14 TOR 19-18 BOS 20-19 MIL 16-18  
BAL 19-21 CLE 16-21 DET 16-22

**NL WEST** Steve Garvey of the first-place Dodgers (5-1) was mad, and he wasn't going to take any more abuse. After two Pirates stepped on First Baseman Garvey's foot while trying to beat out grounders, he homered into the bleachers. The home run and the three-hit pitching of Bob Welch and Steve Howe earned L.A. to a 2-0 victory. Against St. Louis, Pedro Borbon brushed Garvey back with a pitch, and Garvey responded with another four-bagger as the Dodgers won 5-4. The next night, after a knock-down pitch by Pete Vuckovich of St. Louis, Garvey clubbed a three-run homer to spark another victory.

Frank Pastore of the Reds (2-3) gave up only two singles as he beat the Expos 2-0 and ended David Palmer's 11-game winning streak.

When the Giants' flight left for Pittsburgh a few hours before the strike deadline, only one player was aboard—Reenie Stancetti, who lives near the Steel City. The rest of the Giants (4-1) had stayed in San Francisco so they wouldn't have to pay their way home from Pittsburgh if the strike took place. They arrived later but could not avert a 5-4 loss, which ended their five-game victory string. Earlier, four steals had helped San Francisco beat St. Louis 6-5, and a series of diving and leaping catches and whizz-bang throws helped Ed Watson defeat Chicago 2-0. Jack Clark's second straight four-hit, three-RBI game paced the Giants to a 15-inning 10-9 win in Pittsburgh.

Two ninth-inning errors by Shortstop Jerry Royster turned an apparent 1-0 win for the Braves (2-5) into a 2-1 loss to the Mets. Atlanta did get a 1-0 victory later, when Phil Niekro shut out Montreal.

San Diego's Randy Jones, bothered by an ear infection, went for his fourth shutout in a row but lost 4-3 to the Pirates. The game ended Jones' streaks of 10 scoreless innings, 37 innings without allowing an extra-base hit and 44 without issuing a walk. In their last 12 games, the Padres (16-2) have given up just 24 earned runs.

"Putting a new uniform on me is like putting a saddle on a mule," said Coach Don Luper of the Astros' new roadwear. While sporting their new outfits—gray, with blue trim and a rainbow of colors down the sleeves—the Astros (3-3) played like mules,

locking away three balls while losing to the Mets 5-1. More encouraging was the four-hit, 10-strikeout effort by Nolan Ryan as he defeated the Phillies 3-0.

LA 25-14 CIN 22-17 HOU 21-17  
SD 21-19 SF 17-23 ATL 13-23

**NL EAST** Mike Schmidt, who rarely gets excited, and Pete Rose, who is rarely calm, helped the Phillies (4-2) pull within two games of the Pirates. After hearing the no-strike news, Schmidt "celebrated" with "hot tea and Cheenios." That night he hit a three-run homer that made Steve Carlton (3-2) a 3-0 winner over the Astros. Carlton had earlier beaten the Reds 6-4 as the Phillies put together a three-run seventh in which four consecutive batters with two strikes on them all got hits. Rose, who squared matters at 4-4 with a single, then scored all the way from first on another single.

Late-inning rallies also helped the Pirates (3-3). In the first game of a doubleheader sweep of the Padres, Mike Easley slammed a pinch homer in the ninth and Bill Robinson added a run-scoring single for a 4-3 win. Later, a four-run sixth wupped out a 3-0 San Francisco lead and Pittsburgh went on to win 5-4 on Tim Lincecum's sacrifice fly in the 13th.

St. Louis (10-6) battled back in the late innings, but still lost 6-5 to San Francisco and

#### PLAYER OF THE WEEK

**GREG LUZINSKI:** The Bull hit four homers and two doubles, batted .476, drove across seven runs and even stole a base for the Phillies. His total of 11 home runs put him at a three-way tie for the major league lead.

4-3 in Los Angeles. Throughout the rest of the week, the Cardinals battled each other. "There's a volcano coming that will outdo Mount St. Helens," Bernie Carbo said shortly before Manager Ken Boyer erupted. Upset by his team's sloppy play, Boyer imposed heavy fines for curfew violations, turned off television in the Busch Stadium clubhouse and turned down the locker-room stereos. But none of it helped. With their losing streak at nine games, the Cardinals replaced the Mets (page 24) in the basement.

Dennis Lamp lit up the Cubs with a 2-0 victory over the Dodgers. Otherwise, it was lights out for Chicago (1-4). With two of their top sluggers ailing—Dave Kingman had a sore shoulder and Barry Foote a bum knee—the homerless Cubs scored only eight runs.

Montreal (3-3) struck early and late. The Expos scored five times in the first to defeat the Reds 7-4 and a ninth-inning double by Rowland Office beat the Braves 3-2.

PIT 22-14 PHIL 19-15 MON 16-17  
CHC 16-19 NY 21-21 STL 14-24



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## Judgment at Brooklyn

*Ex-jockey Con Errico's conviction in a federal trial gives major impetus to the sport's wide-spreading scandal*



Errico (above center) is flanked by his ex-wife Joan and attorney Al Brackley. Amy (bottom left), one of New York's top riders, said he took bribes to rig races, as did convicted liar Faliciano (right).



When Consolato Errico was an eighth-grader in Brooklyn, N.Y., his teacher asked him what he'd like to be when he grew up. "I want to be a jockey," Errico said, "and that's all I'll ever want to be." The teacher said, "Consolato, we can't bring horses into the school to teach you that. You better think about doing something else." But Errico remained adamant in his ambition, and his mother was called to the school for a conference with her son and the teacher. It was decided that Consolato would study bookkeeping at Roosevelt High School. "I hated bookkeeping," he says.

In 1942, at age 21, Errico went to work on the New York racetracks, as a hot walker in the employ of Preston Burch, one of racing's finest trainers. Following a tour of military service, he finally got to ride his first race at the age of 24, fulfilling a dream that had started when, at the age of 10, he began filling giant scrapbooks with pictures of famous jockeys.

Eventually, Errico grew into a legend of sorts in New York racing circles, as well as a curiosity. He dressed well and became a magnificent dancer, twisting many nights away in the 1960s. He was an excellent shortstop on the jockeys' softball team, married a gorgeous Copacabana girl and was befriended by Jockey Club members, social pretenders, politicians, sportswriters and two-buck horseplayers. He always had entrée to the best racing parties. Had a modeling agency wanted the perfect jockey, it would have selected Errico. He looked the way a jockey should look. Indeed, he once did appear in an ad—for the New York Racing Association.

But as a race rider, things always seemed to go wrong for Errico. He was suspended more than 50 times for rough riding and suffered a series of serious injuries to his hips and ribs and pelvis. While he never rode in the Kentucky

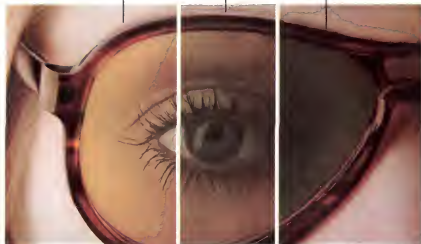
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### HORSE RACING *continued*

Derby, Errico did have some good days on good horses. The most prestigious race he ever won was the 1949 Travers on Arise.

Everyone called Errico "Scamp," and he loved the nickname. "I got it when I was a kid because I was a scamp, always in trouble," he says. Along the way he changed his first name from Consolato to Con.

Last week Con (Scamp) Errico, 58, was in serious trouble, having been swiftly convicted by a jury in a federal court in his old hometown on a racketeering charge based on the bribing of other jockeys to fix races in New York State in 1974-75. He could be sentenced to as much as 20 years in jail and fined as much as \$25,000. Better he should have stuck to bookkeeping.

Errico is the 23rd jockey, gambler, organized crime figure, trainer or owner found guilty on charges related to race fixing in state and federal cases since Anthony Ciuola (54, Nov. 6, 1978), a convicted fixer himself, alleged that there was a massive race-rigging conspiracy in the mid-1970s. Sixteen others pleaded guilty to similar charges and seven more are fugitives. Nine were acquitted, six had their cases severed and two wound up with hung juries. About 100 races, it turns out, were rigged in five states, at Pocono Downs, Garden State, Suffolk Downs, Detroit Race Course, Hazel Park, Aqueduct and even Saratoga, the so-called Dowager Queen of the American Turf.

The Brooklyn jury deliberated less than five hours in convicting Errico after a six-day trial. He was, according to the U.S. Department of Justice, one of the key men in a scam of incredible proportions in New York. The department's Organized Crime Strike Force maintains that in 1974-75 a group of gamblers, working for organized crime elements, won huge exacta and trifecta bets on rigged races and lugged hundreds of thousands of dollars out of New York tracks.

Errico's trial proved to be the most spectacular of the cases yet to reach court, because many of the sport's outstanding performers were also accused of participating in the fixing of races. The Strike Force will now try to get Errico to cooperate in subsequent investigations involving jockeys he is suspected of bribing.

Errico was convicted, for the most part, on the testimony of three other id-

*continued*

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## HORSE RACING continued

ers: Jose Amy, Mike Venezia and Ben Feliciano. Feliciano was convicted of race fixing in Maryland in 1975 in an unrelated case. Testifying under immunity, they said Errico gave or offered them bribes ranging from \$1,500 to \$7,500 to "hold" their horses. But it was Amy, whose words were spoken in Spanish and translated to the jury, who was the most compelling witness against Errico.

Amy, 26, was the 16th-leading rider in the country last year, having won purses worth more than \$2.6 million. He is 5' 3", weighs 110 pounds, was born in Sanitree, Puerto Rico and was the leading apprentice at San Juan's famous El Comandante racetrack in 1972. The next year he came north to begin his career in the continental U.S. He testified that he met Errico in various New York jockeys' rooms and, after refusing a couple of bribe offers, was threatened by Errico before finally accepting his first \$1,500 fee, in the ninth race at Aqueduct on March 5, 1974, when he rode 2-1 favorite Prince Stoltz, who finished sixth. At that time Errico was allowed in the jockeys' rooms under a rule then in force that allowed any licensed member of The Jockey's Guild to use the facilities. Not brought up in the trial was the fact that in 1972 Errico had taken only two mounts; in 1973 one; in 1974 11, and in 1975 two. Errico's total purse earnings plus his riding fees in those four years barely exceeded \$900, but he maintained his access to the jockeys' rooms.

During his time on the stand, Amy maintained that other jockeys had discussed fixing races in his presence, and he recited off a list of names, many of which had been cited by Ciulla. Ciulla also had said that Errico had been the intermediary in his own New York dealings.

The names that came from Amy's lips caused a hush in the courtroom. He said he had talked about fixing races with Angel Cordero Jr., Jorge Velasquez, Braulio Baeza and Jacinto Vasquez, four of the six top money-winning jockeys in U.S. racing history. He also named one of Forego's riders, Heliodoro Gustines; Jean Craguet, the jockey for Seattle Slew; Eddie Maple, the last jockey to ride Secretariat; and Venezia, Eddie Belmonte, Marco Castaneda and Jaime Arellano.

Amy has been barred from the grounds of New York Racing Association tracks, and he will appeal the suspension of his license by the New York State Racing and Wagering Board. A suspension in one

state is usually honored by racing authorities in other jurisdictions.

The seven races for which Amy says he accepted fix money—to hold horses back, take them wide or fail to warm them up properly before a race—were all trifecta events, with the ultimate payoffs ranging from \$911 to \$5,394 for each winning \$2 trifecta ticket. While Ciulla, a key government witness in the New Jersey, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and Michigan cases, did not testify in Errico's trial, he was available to the prosecution in Brooklyn and, according to law-enforcement sources, could testify in future cases.

Errico's conviction poses many questions about horse racing's ability—or willingness—to police itself. Racing's management not only failed to lead, but it also did not follow up information generated by others. It just plain got out of the way and let federal agencies do its work for it. In fact, one person close to the investigation said the New York Racing Association "would have been happy to see the whole thing go away and die." Not only did the management of many racetracks, as well as the membership of the Jockey Club, fail to protect its customers from crimes involving millions in lost wagers, but it failed to protect the trainers and owners of horses performing in races, too. It is a shameful record. Only after Amy's testimony did the New York State Racing and Wagering Board announce that it would hold full-scale hearings into the charges.

But perhaps the public has already gotten wise to how racetracks are run, because the hard evidence shows that from 1976 to 1979 total attendance at the 89 U.S. tracks tumbled an average of 45,564 people per day. Though allegations that races had been rigged were made nearly two years ago, racing's leaders have not taken the initiative to examine this particular problem and figure out how to correct it.

The next thing certain to happen is that more trials and hearings will be held—and more of racing's silks may be sullied. Then stories will appear about tighter security at tracks and in-house investigations, but all that will merely be a matter of locking the barns after the races have been stolen. The conviction of Scamp Errico proves that this particular race is not over. It still has about an eighth of a mile to go. As always, the last eighth is the most desperate. **END**

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Where did this appear? The New Yorker? Harper's? Rolling Stone? No, it's from *Nowhere Fast* by Robert F. Jones, a piece about Oakland's Kenny Stabler in *Sports Illustrated*, where the people in sports are as fascinating as the games they play.

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## Boom time on Boardwalk

*Gerry Cooney found a right to go with his strong left and beat Jimmy Young in Atlantic City, where he finally passed GO en route to a heavyweight title shot*

At the Convention Hall in Atlantic City last Sunday, 23-year-old Gerry Cooney sat in his emerald-green dressing gown and laughed and laughed from pure euphoria. What had just opened in front of him was the high road to the heavy-weight championship of the world.

And to think that only a few days earlier his name had failed to ring a bell of recognition in the hotel where he was staying, a stone's throw down the boardwalk from the ring in which he had just fought. At that earlier time, wearing a tired, unbelieving expression and looking all the more gloomy because of his thick black mustache, he had been explaining on the phone that all he wanted was some pineapple juice. There was 6' 5" of him draped over the bed in the Boardwalk Regency Hotel. He was thirsty and hot after three rounds of sparring, and room service seemed bent on reading him the whole cocktail list.

"No," he said patiently, breaking into the recital, "nothing alcoholic, just pineapple. Listen, could I have it fast? This is, uh, Gerry Cooney, the boxer. Fighting here this weekend." At the other end, a gabble. "No, C-o-o-n-e-y," he said. Score Round 1 to room service.

But very soon Gerry Cooney could be on his way to heights where such ignominious treatment would be unthinkable, where calling room service would be someone else's chore. He was undefeated in his 22 fights as a pro, had scored 18 knockouts. Some people had reservations about the quality of the opposition he'd faced, but he was the No. 1 heavyweight contender in the eyes of the WBA and No. 3 according to the WBC. And now, against 31-year-old Jimmy Young, Cooney was facing his biggest test to date. With a good win against Young he could take off.

But Jimmy Young a test? The Incredible Bulk, the flaccid, overweight travesty of the Young who had beaten George Foreman in 1977, who had come so close to taking Muhammad Ali's title in '76? The Young who seemed finished after his two successive losses to Osvaldo Ocasio? Who in June '79 waddled into the ring in Madison Square

Garden to fight Wendell Bailey weighing 235 pounds? Whose last fight, against Don Halpin in McAfee, N.J. in March, was just part of the undercard?

No, not that Jimmy Young at all, insisted George Benton, the ex-Philadelphia middleweight who trained Leon Spinks for his winning fight against Ali and who has handled Young's last three fights, including a win in London over John L. Gardner, the British Commonwealth heavyweight champion. Benton displayed his fighter in the gym last week at Pleasantville, a short ride from Atlantic City. "Looks like Hercules, don't he?" Benton proclaimed. "From what he used to look, I mean. Weight's right down. He was 220 yesterday. And at that weight he is formidable!"

Cooney knew he would not be meet-

ing old fatty Young, but the new, trimmer model. "He's getting back into it, so I think it's time for him to go," Cooney said. "He can make it difficult for anyone he fights—make it, kind of, not a very powerful fight. He knows how to get away from punches."

And what Cooney had to offer, above all else, was his power punch, his big left hook. "He'll stop him in six," Cooney's co-manager, Mike Jones, forecast before the Young fight.

"I just hope to win," was as far as Cooney himself would go, although he conceded that he had been a little irritated by Young's reported remark that all Cooney had was one big punch and that "I've been in with punchers all my life."

"So what does he want to worry about me for?" Cooney demanded. *continued*



*After taking a pounding from Cooney, Young (left) couldn't answer the bell for the fifth round*

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## BOXING continued

"But I sure think he's going to have to worry I'm getting up for this fight." To prove it, he had gone through 150 rounds of sparring in training. It was the hardest he had ever worked, he said.

It was almost all in vain, though. Out at the Pleasantville Recreation Center last Thursday afternoon, a ringside chair had collapsed under Cooney. "We gave the good ones to the Senior Citizens," the janitor said, apologetically. Cooney himself sat on the ground, uninjured, holding the pieces of the chair uncomprehendingly, like King Kong holding bits of airplane on top of the Empire State Building.

That was the afternoon's only note of farce, though. After sparring, Cooney attacked the light bag so ferociously that it deflated. "Finest destroyer of a light bag in the world today," Jones said with proprietary pride. "Anybody got chewing gum?" Cooney demanded iconically. "I've got a dollar-a-day habit."

Young, meanwhile, had been laconic in the gym, too, yawning hugely and quiting the light bag a minute before Benton had him scheduled to do so. "He ain't busy enough," Benton said unhappily. But certainly Young looked far fitter than he did last year—smooth, serene, maybe a touch pudgy, but then he always looked a little pudgy. "Long as he don't come in over 230..." Benton, a worrier.

He needn't have worried. On Saturday, Young weighed in at 223; Cooney, four inches taller, at 224½. It looked as if it would be a real test, after all.

Young must have known he had to be ready; if this fight turned out to be the big hello for Cooney, it would be the long goodbye for him. His future would be fighting for smaller and smaller purses, lower and lower on the undercard. He looked glowingly fit, but from the start of the bout he made it clear that the tactics expected of him—keeping low, keeping out of trouble, lasting the 10 rounds and hoping for a decision—were not going to be used.

Don King, the promoter, had loudly announced, "I am staying just for this first round." But even though it proved as tentative as most first rounds, there was enough in it to keep King in his seat. The round was Cooney's all the way. He scored with enough lefts to win it clearly. But Young kept coming at him, pushing in short body jabs with either hand. Some of the jabs looked suspiciously low, and a second in Cooney's corner screamed, "If

he hits you low again, take his head off, Gerry!" It was going to be a test, all right.

The referee seemed to see nothing, though, and in the middle of the second round, Young was able to unleash what has trainer, not so secretively, had talked of as his secret weapon—a big right coming over the top. "I've got to get out of here," said King at the end of the round. But he stayed in his seat.

What he saw in the third round was enough to keep that electrified-looking hair of his standing straight up for years to come: Cooney coming out of his corner blazing, hammering Young into the ropes, setting Young up with rights, coming down on the body, staggering Young with left-hand blows to his head. Then, about a minute into the round, Cooney threw a straight right lead followed by a left uppercut. The second might have been the more powerful blow, but the first cut Young over the right eye, toward the bridge of the nose. All through the round, Young was in deep trouble, but he courageously kept on counterpunching while Cooney showed he could swing that long body of his out of trouble in a way more speedy, more deft than had been anticipated.

There was something else new, too. That right hand of Cooney's. Where did those enormously effective rights come from?

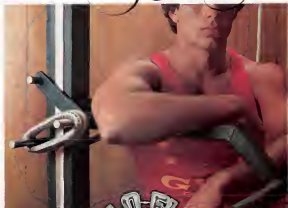
Later, Cooney explained. He'd long known about his weakness on the right side, he said, and he'd gone to one of the New York Islanders' physicians about it. "He put me on a weight-training program," said Cooney, "and he developed my right shoulder muscle."

In the fourth, the terrible drubbing went on Young, surprisingly, was staying out of his foxhole, standing up, fighting back—but the bleeding from his cut grew worse. The fight couldn't last. The punishment Young was taking was too much. And before the bell could ring for the fifth round, it was over. The ringside doctor called it off. And Don King was still in his seat.

"People have been skeptical, huh? Well, maybe today we made a few believers," Cooney said afterward. It now seems inevitable that a shot at one of the world titles—more than likely that of the WBA's Mike Weaver—will come this year. The test that Gerry Cooney passed with such ease last weekend should've ensured that.

END

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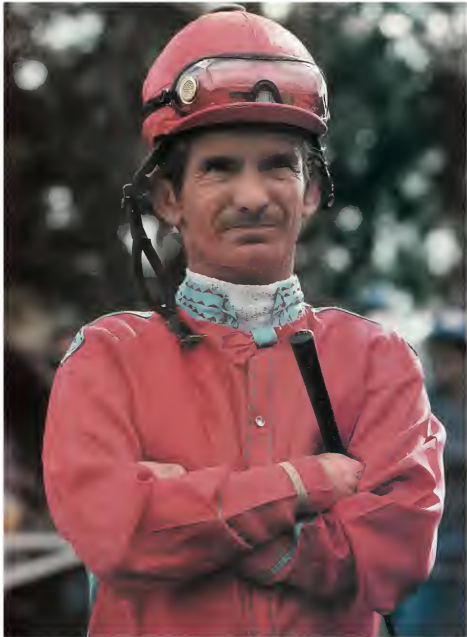
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# THE SHOE

At 3 a.m. on Aug. 19, 1931, in a two-room adobe shack in the West Texas farm town of Fabens, Ruby Shoemaker had already been in labor some six hours. At first she had thought the pains were caused by the cantaloupe she had eaten for dessert the night before. She was only 17, and eight months pregnant. Her husband, B.B., who clerked in the feed store down the street, was out celebrating his birthday. Ruby figured he had gone to Juárez. Brother Phillips of the Fabens Baptist Church had come by to see what he could do, and his wife had come, too, and heated up some water on the four-burner kerosene stove. Brother Phillips had fetched Ruby's mother, *continued*

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BY WILLIAM NACK

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## THE SHOE

Continued

Maudie Harris, because Ruby had asked for her. Then Doc McClain came by to handle the delivery. The boy, who was born at three, weighed one pound, 13 ounces. He had a full head of black hair, and when Doc McClain held him up, Ruby thought he looked like a drowned rat. The Doc spanked him on the rear but couldn't get a sound from him; he was silent even then. Despairing, the Doc put the baby at the foot of the bed and declared, "That will never live."

"Well, I don't care what you say," said Maudie Harris. "He's cold." She picked up the baby from the foot of the bed and carried him to the sink across the room and got a rag and some soap and washed him off in the water that Brother Phillips' wife had heated. Then she wrapped the baby in a doll's blanket and opened up the oven door and lit the stove. She turned the heat to low and put the baby on a pillow in a shoe box on the oven door. Then she pulled a chair up to the oven and sat there. The baby had his eyes open and he moved now and again but made no sound for two hours. Ruby drowsed on the bed, awoke, drowsed some more. At about five, Ruby heard what she thought was a field mouse crying, a tiny screeching sound. It was the boy. "Ruby, I think he's hungry," Maudie said, and brought him over to the bed. Ruby couldn't get over his hands, how small they were, so small they looked like little claws. The boy was simply too weak to suckle, so they got a breast pump and eyedropper and fed him. Then they tried to fit him with a regular diaper, but he got lost in the huge folds, so they cut the diaper into quarters which fit just right. "He'll live, Ruby, he'll live," Maudie said. "He's a little fighter."

**T**oday, at age 48, William Lee Shoemaker has been born anew. He is riding into his fourth decade in the saddle as if it were his second. Horses and racing have been in this man's life for as long as he can remember—manes blown back against his hands, the roar of the crowd at the turn for home, two on top, the sound of hoofbeats in his ears. And surely, whatever he does and sees and feels today he has done and seen and felt before. But no longer is he the despairing Shoe of a few years ago, the tired Shoe who had a little potbelly and wondered if his career was at an end.

"It's been like a rejuvenation, a new beginning," he says. "I wish I could go on forever. I enjoy it. I enjoy riding today more than ever before. Because of the situation, partly, the way it changed. But also because of the knowledge—what I know in bringing horses up to different races, what I've been through all these years. I know how to do it. It's here that counts. Right now. Today. For

me. I know my business. I know my game. And I love it."

The art was always in the hands, of course, instruments as fine and delicate as any rider ever had, and in his 31-year career Shoemaker has shaped the most impressive record of any jockey in the history of the sport. As of last Thursday, Shoemaker had ridden more horses (33,650), won more races (7,841), more stakes races (796), more \$100,000 races (155) and more money (\$77,275,929) than any man who ever looked between the ears of a horse. He has won virtually every stakes race in America, including three Kentucky Derbies, two Preaknesses and five Belmonts. California has been his base, and there were years when he owned the West Coast. Through 1967, when he was topped by Jerry Lambert at Santa Anita, Shoemaker had won 17 straight riding titles there. He has won the Santa Anita Handicap, for years the Coast's most im-

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD JACKSON



*The key to race riding, Shoemaker says, lies in the hands and touch. That combination has made him the world's leader in wins and earnings.*

portant race for older horses, nine times. Ten times he has led the nation's riders in money won. He has ridden most of the very best horses to perform on the American turf in his three decades, a roll call of champions to rate a wing in the Racing Hall of Fame: Coaltown, Swaps, Gallant Man, Round Table, Intentionally, Sword Dancer, Cicada, Crimson Satan, Jaipur, Kelso, Northern Dancer, Tom Rolfe, Buckpasser, Damascus, Arts and Letters, Dr. Fager, Vitriolic, Ack Ack, Dahlia and Forego. And last year he got the mount on Spectacular Bid after Ronnie Franklin was replaced following his poorly executed ride in the Belmont Stakes.

"I think he's the best horse I've ever ridden," says the Shoe. "Each time I ride him, he convinces me more. He does everything like a great horse should do it. He won on every kind of track you can imagine. Carried his

weight and won. He's so versatile you can move any time you want and then move again if you have to. And the horse is maturing, getting better. I think. We haven't seen the best of him yet." The man is sitting in the living room of his San Marino, Calif. house, sipping a vodka and tonic and puffing on a thin cigar. It is growing late. A fire is burning in the fireplace. He removes the cigar from his lips and leans slightly forward, the smoke lifting a question in the air. "Who ever in their life has been able to do that?" he says. "Oh, I'm a good rider. Can ride. I know that. But who has ever been able to do that? At 48 years old, to get on a horse like that?"

Despite all the riding championships, all the splendid horses he has ridden, all the years of celebrity, there is in Shoemaker a quality of solitariness, not surprising perhaps in a man from the wide spaces of Texas. Shoemaker spent

*continued*



## THE SHOE

CONTINUED



Though only 4' 11", Bill stands tall in the eyes of trainer Whittingham (left)



Shoe had some dreary seasons before he got a true ace in Spectacular Bid

his youth there, and when he moved to California at the age of 10, he left with more than its dust in his hair. His parents were divorced when he was four. Ruby took the child to live with her in Winters, in central Texas. She and her parents, Ed and Maudie, sharecropped a ranch. They picked cotton. They grew alfalfa. They spent much of their time in the fields with burlap bags slung over their shoulders, chopping cotton or cutting corn. "Work, work, work," Ruby says. "It was a rough life in the Depression, I'll tell you, and little old Bill knows it."

Recollections of his enterprise and self-sufficiency still draw howls of laughter from Ruby and her cousin, Dorothy Abbott. One day, while working in a field in the hot sun, Bill threw his hoe at Grandpa Harris' feet and walked off toward the house. "Grandpa," he said, "I'll never pick up another hoe. There's gotta be a better way to make a living, and I'm gonna find it." He was eight years old.

Another time, he and his younger brother, Lonnie, were visiting Dorothy Abbott on her ranch and playing with Dorothy's 4-year-old son, Dick. Dorothy looked out the window, wondering what the boys were doing, and saw Dick lying under the water pump, about 100 yards away, with Bill standing over him working the handle. In a panic, she dashed across the yard. "There was my boy Dick," she says, "out colder than a mackerel, and there was little Bill, this little butty thing, pumping water on him, just as calm as a cucumber. I said, 'What happened?' And Bill said, 'The horse kicked Dick in the chest. We drug him over here. He'll be all right.' He was just as nonchalant as he could be."

Bill was six years old. He had been around horses from his earliest years, and he actually drew his first mount when he was five, in 1936, the year Bold Venture won the Kentucky Derby. Ruby and Ed Harris were leaving the ranch house for the fields when Ruby heard her father say, "Look! Look!" She turned to the corral just in time to see Bill climbing up on the top rung of the wooden fence. The family stable pony was alongside. Ruby screamed, "My Gawd! He's gonna get killed."

"Shhhhh," said Ed. "You're gonna scare the horse." Bill reached over, grabbed the pony's mane and jumped, pulling himself aboard. "I liked to have a fit," Ruby says. "So I just froze there and watched him. He grabbed the mane and kicked his little legs, and the horse just walked around the corral with him. He was holdin' on to that horse and grinnin' like I don't know what. He just wasn't afraid of anything."

Certainly not Tommy Campbell, an uncle who made a kind of career of harassing the boy. Campbell locked him in the tool shed one day. He had just told Ruby about it, rather smugly, when she saw Bill turning the corner behind the shed. "He only thought he locked me in there," said Bill. "I dug my way out." He had burrowed out beneath the back wall. "He dug himself out like a dog," she says.

Shoemaker brought that unflappable calm—and that knack for getting out of trouble—so every racetrack he rode on. Few jockeys, if any, have ridden neuter on a horse—

continued



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## THE SHOE

continued

hands back with a long hold, sitting ever so still. And few have had his ability to keep a horse out of trouble, to find the surest way home, to rate a horse, to control him with the subtlest flick of his wrist and hands, to slip-slide out of traffic and hold a horse together in a drive. Eddie Arcaro used to say that Shoemaker could ride a horse with silken threads for reins.

Shoemaker was a sensation almost from the start—his first win came on Shafter V at Golden Gate Fields on April 20, 1949—the heir apparent to Arcaro among the sport's legends, but he had his share of adversity. One episode is legend by now. In the 1957 Kentucky Derby, riding Gallant Man, Shoemaker was locked in a struggle with Iron Liege and Bill Hartack, when he stood up briefly, mistaking the 16th pole for the finish line. Gallant Man never really lost a beat, but he may have hesitated an instant at a moment when he couldn't afford to. Iron Liege won it by a whisker.

A rider of less resilience might not have survived the gaffe, but Shoemaker did, coming back to win the Belmont on Gallant Man. In the ensuing years he was pre-eminent, taking the money-winning title in 1958 for the fourth time in his career, and then every year thereafter through 1964, when young Braulio Bueza came along.

As Shoemaker neared the '70s, though riding as well as ever on both coasts, a malaise set in. In 1967, the year he rode Damascus to the Horse of the Year title, the first year in Shoe's career in which his mounts earned more than \$3 million, for the first time in his life he felt his enthusiasm waning. Ever since he had ridden Swaps to record-smashing victories in 1956, his mounts had earned at least \$2 million annually, but there had been a certain evenness to his career. "Maybe it was getting boring to me," he says. "I'd been doing it so long by then, riding all kinds of races all the time. It wasn't that I was up and down. I was like on an even keel all the time. If maybe I'd had some variety in there, maybe if I'd done bad in there and couldn't get things going, it might not have happened."

But 1968, the year he approached with a yawn, brought more variety than he had reckoned on. All through his career, despite occasional mishaps and spills, Shoemaker had never had a serious injury. In January at Santa Anita he suffered a badly broken femur when his horse, Bel Bush, fell and accidentally kicked him. Doctors inserted a rod in his leg to keep it together. "We couldn't get a rod small enough at our hospital," one of the surgeons, Dr. Robert Kerlan, says. "We had to get one from Children's Hospital." The 13-month convalescence was a kind of agony that Shoemaker had never before had to endure. "I just went crazy," he says. "I realized how much I enjoyed riding because I couldn't do it. I'd been taking it for granted. Anytime I wanted to do it, I could do it; anytime I didn't want to, I didn't have to. But when I couldn't do

it, that put a different light on the whole picture. It made me realize what an idiot I was, thinking the way I did. That broken leg turned out to be good for me."

He came back in February of 1969, but not for long. On April 30, a filly flipped over backward in the paddock at Hollywood Park, throwing him and pinning him against a hedge. The accident crushed his pelvis, tore his bladder and damaged nerves in his leg. "It was what we call a Humpy-Dumpty injury," Kerlan says. "You know, 'All the King's horses and all the King's men couldn't...' His pelvis was like a large dinner plate that had been broken in a lot of pieces. There wasn't much to set. There was no way to open this up and put it back together. He was up in traction until it showed some evidence of healing. It was a tough injury."

Shoemaker was out another three months and though horsemen wondered whether he would ever ride again, "There was never any doubt in my mind that I would come back," he says. "I accepted it. I know a lot of people thought that that would be the end of me and my career. But I never had that feeling."

In 1970, to much hoopla, he won his 6,033rd horse race, passing Johnny Longden as the winningest rider in the history of the sport. Shoemaker stands 4'11" and wears a 2D shoe—and for all his career his weight has hovered around 95 pounds. He has never had to do battle with his weight, as Longden did in the last years of his career, never had to face the problem that seems to con-



*His happy marriage to Cindy, Shoe claims, has changed his life—off the track as well as on*

sume so many riders as they near 40—heading for the sweatbox at noon with towels wrapped around their necks. So, as Shoemaker turned the corner of his third decade as a rider, there was reason to believe, barring injuries, that he could go on almost indefinitely—for as long as he wanted to ride, for as long as the reflexes remained, for as long as he stayed fit.

He had always taken care of himself. Then in the early '70s he found himself in a kind of trap, a blind switch from which he couldn't escape. He was married to a woman he no longer loved and didn't want to live with anymore—a woman, he says, whose social aspirations, outlook and interests were incompatible with his. He says this not to condemn but to explain what happened to him in the early '70s, when he lost his desire to ride, began declining to work horses in the morning, at times called in sick to the jocks' room and began to think he had had it as a rider.

Shoemaker was first married in 1950, when he was only 18 and in his second year as a rider, to Virginia McLaughlin, whom he had met through a fellow jockey. The marriage lasted for 11 years, and they had two adopted children. They were divorced in 1961. "We were too young," says Shoemaker.

Then Shoemaker married Babbs Bayer of Texas, whom he had met a few years before. "Bright, pretty and clever," Shoemaker says. Bill and Babbs lived first in Pasadena, then San Marino, a fashionable, conservative com-

munity not far from Santa Anita. In the mid-'60s they made a big move socially, going to live on the 31st floor of a high-rise in Beverly Hills.

Bill Shoemaker was a celebrity. In his soft-spoken, easy-going kind of way, he had emerged as the embodiment of thoroughbred racing on the Coast, as recognizable in Southern California as any movie star. Racetrackers admired him to the point of reverence. Horse players called him "The Shoe" and bet him with both hands. Latin bettors took to calling him "El Zapatero." The Shoemaker, and also "El Maestro," The Teacher. And as the years went by they spoke of him as "El Viejo," The Old One, but always respectfully.

In Beverly Hills, of course, the Shoemakers were on all the invitation lists. Babbs was stunning in fur coats and expensive clothes and beautiful jewelry. She and Bill were seen at the right places. Babbs got into charity work, which is the thing to do in Beverly Hills, and the couple was frequently mentioned in society columns.

Shoemaker, however, had always thought of himself as a simple, uncomplicated man of simple, uncomplicated tastes. He was, after all, the shy little son of a former sharecropper who had grown up poor in the Depression in Texas and made it rich in the Golden Land. Now here he was in Beverly Hills in the social whirl. Unremembered hosts introduced him to unremembered guests whom he did not particularly want to know. "I want to introduce you to Bill Shoemaker," the hosts would say. Shoemaker remembers the refrain. "I've heard that a trillion times," he says. "I never really wanted to know them. I went to their houses and I couldn't remember them now if I tried because I want to put it out of my mind. I remember going to the parties. But I can't remember whose parties they were, or why they were."

In 1973, out of fear for their lives, the Shoemakers moved from their 31st-floor apartment—"We had an earthquake at six o'clock one morning," says the Shoe, "and the building was going around and you could hear the grids squeaking"—to a home in Beverly Hills that Babbs had redesigned. Instead of snugging the bar into a corner, which she thought would reinforce Bill's disposition to withdraw, she had the bar built so it jutted out into the living room area, to bring him into the center of things. Though the disposition to be so never left him, he was no longer the retiring youngster of the '50s. At the party Babbs threw at Chasen's to introduce her plastic surgeon to 300 or so friends and acquaintances, Bill met the guests at the door. Babbs Bayer Shoemaker says she doesn't believe she overdid the social side. She says she understood his needs as a rider and an athlete and didn't know he didn't like the kind of life they were leading. But Shoemaker says that these were among the important reasons why he slipped as a jockey in the early '70s, why he periodically failed to fulfill his responsibilities as a rider, why he considered retirement in 1974 and why, ultimately, he sought the divorce that Babbs wound up granting him.

"You can't be a leading rider and make the society col-

continued



ums at the same time," says Trainer Charles Whittingham, one of Shoemaker's oldest friends in racing. "I got off the beaten track," says Shoe.

Shoemaker remained among the leading riders of stakes horses, but in the early years of the decade he was riding progressively less. Worse, he wasn't riding with the aggressiveness and command that had marked him in his heyday. He was, to be sure, still a star, and he never became less than the No. 1 rider for Whittingham, who stuck by him when the slip began. This is not to say he rode poorly, for he never lost his touch, his feel, his sense of pace and rhythm. "It's a touch, a feel you have with your hands, like a golfer," says Shoemaker. "They are there all the time, your feel, your touch. You learn the craft and you might improve on the technique, but the touch and feel are there. Your legs and other parts of your body go, but your touch... no."

What went was the desire. He won 195 races on 881 mounts in 1971, the first year, except for the times when he was injured, he had taken fewer than 900 mounts. In 1973, the nadir of his career, he accepted only 639 mounts and won 139 races; the next year his 17% winning percentage was the lowest in a career that had averaged about 24%. "He didn't really care that much in those years," says Laffit Pincay Jr., one of Shoemaker's closest friends. "I could tell just watching him. Not taking too many chances. He didn't ride aggressively on young horses. I know when a rider's really trying. I know when a rider's going out of his way to win. I looked at him one day in the jocks' room and he looked like a little fat man."

One of his oldest friends in the jockeys' room, Don Pierce, figured that Shoemaker would announce his retirement. "I thought it was only a matter of time," says Pierce. "I've known him a long time, and he was depressed. Bill's always kibitzing in the jocks' room. Touching you with a hot coffee spoon. Stealing someone's cuff links. Hitting your funny bone." He pauses. "It came on so slow it never really hit me. I just occasionally missed the kibitzing. It got to the point where he'd walk into the jocks' room, not say much to anyone, ride and leave. But he never complained."

"I guess I'm the type who holds all that in and keeps it to himself," Shoemaker says. "I always thought I could handle my own problems, but apparently I couldn't." He didn't even complain to the man he had known the longest, the man with whose family he had lived in his early days on the track, his surrogate father and agent from the beginning, Harry Silbert. Silbert is the only agent Shoemaker has ever had, and is as protective of his rider as any man who ever scrawled a horse's name in a condition book. Back in 1950, when Shoemaker was about to lose

the apprentice bug and with it many mounts, he said to Harry, "Maybe you should try to get another rider; you got a family to support." Harry scoffed. "Don't worry about it, Bill," he said. "You're going to make it."

The early 1970s were especially trying for Silbert, an avuncular, soft-spoken former Brooklynite who is almost as unobtrusive as the Shoe. Silbert would get him the mounts, but whether Shoemaker would actually show up to ride then became problematical. "I never knew from one day to another," Silbert says. Late in the morning Shoemaker might call Dean Scarborough, the clerk of the scales at Santa Anita, and take himself off his mounts for the day. "He'd call and say he didn't feel too good," Scarborough says. "Touch of the flu." Silbert would call Scarborough, who would pass on the news. "If he wasn't there, I'd go home," Harry says. "I'd have to face the trainers in the morning. I'd say Bill got sick; but how

many excuses can you make? I had an idea what was wrong, but I just couldn't talk about it with him."

"Tell me what's wrong," Harry would say.

"Nothing wrong," the Shoe would reply.

"I know something's wrong. You can't keep it in you. You have to talk to people. You're going to blow up."

"No problem with you," the Shoe would say. "Problems at home."

"I met a lot of nice people in Beverly Hills, but it wasn't my style," Shoemaker says. "An athlete's supposed to be doing a job the next day, and those people don't have anything to do. They can sleep all day. It affected my riding. It affected my attitude about it a lot. You get up the next day and don't feel any good. It doesn't help

continued



Shoe has the touch at home, too, with one of his five poodles.

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## THE SHOE

continued

you none getting home at midnight or one in the morning. It wasn't good. You don't really give a damn. You're on a horse and you do something, and if it works, fine; if it doesn't, who cares? That sort of thing."

Pincay was right. The old fire was gone. Some horsemen saw uncharacteristic mental lapses in Shoemaker's riding. Longden, now a trainer, saw a man who had lost his sharpness. "He had to have something on his mind," Longden says. "Something was bothering him. Oh, I could tell. He wasn't riding like he should've been riding. He was making wrong moves. It wasn't Shoemaker. He was making decisions in a race that weren't his. Shoemaker is the best rider I ever saw. There has never been any better rider. I don't think so. No sir. When Shoe is right, he's right there—Johnny-on-the-spot. He takes over when another rider is there just thinking about it. He's thinking about it and Shoe's done it. Shoe wasn't thinking."

Shoemaker didn't want to confront his problems, to admit his marriage was a failure, so he told people he was tired. "I feel like I've had it," Shoemaker told Silbert. "What do you mean you're tired and you don't feel like riding?" Harry demanded. "I don't want you to go out this way." Looking back on it now, Shoemaker says he probably rationalized his loss of interest and desire by telling himself that he was getting older and that he should be riding less.

As he cut back on his mounts, Babbs recalls saying to him, "Either you have to announce your retirement or you have to stay with it and ride." We had just bought a home in Beverly Hills. The notes come due at the bank and life goes on. To cut his riding in half made a difference in our life-style, a life-style I was never aware he didn't enjoy. I enjoyed my life with William very much and I think I did understand that he had to stay in shape. I think he's wrong when he says I didn't understand his career."

Shoemaker's return to top form came in stages. It began when he decided to ride as he knew he could ride—or get out. This was no act of survival. Hol-

lywood Park offered him an executive job in 1973, but he turned it down. He knew he could always train horses. Now he ran to get in shape. He watched his diet. And, finally, he went through a rigorous testing program at the National Athletic Health Institute in Inglewood, Calif. to find out exactly what kind of condition he was in. "It turned out he was in the top 10% of all the athletes that we did," Kerlan says. "It was very stimulating for him."

So he was back, and now without the potbelly. He had always ridden his share of stakes winners, even when he was slipping, but in 1976 he got an unexpected lift when his old friend Frank Whiteley chose him to ride Forego. In the fall of that year he patiently fashioned out of certain defeat one of the most exquisite finishes in the history of racing. Hopelessly out of it turning for home in the Marlboro Cup at Belmont Park, letting the huge gelding drift toward the middle of the track, never snatching him off balance to alter his course, Shoemaker pushed and sweet-talked Forego home, just getting up to win by a snip over Honest Pleasure. The old horse had never run better, but he needed the old man that day.

By then things had begun to resolve themselves in Bill Shoemaker's life. He and Babbs separated on Feb. 14, 1977, St. Valentine's Day; she sued for divorce the following day, citing "irreconcilable differences" by which she says she meant, "Well, quite frankly, he was in love with another woman." If he wasn't then, he was soon enough.

Babbs moved to Palm Springs, leaving Bill their five toy poodles, Misshoe, Tuffy, Tissue, Missy and Bruiser. "I was happy and relieved when she drove out of the driveway," he says. "I could play with the dogs and enjoy life."

On July 24 Shoemaker became engaged to Cindy Barnes, a 27-year-old sportswoman who shared his interest in racing and preference in life-style—and used to beat him in tennis. They had met 10 years earlier at Del Mar and had been casual friends ever since. "The real turning point with me, in my mind, was when I started dating Cindy," Shoemaker says. "I've often thought how strange life is. Unbelievable. When I met her, she was just a young girl, about

28 She rode horses, hunters and jumpers. She played tennis. Who in the hell would ever think I'd wind up marrying her? Never ever crossed my mind." And then, with his marriage on the rocks, it suddenly did. On their second date after the divorce, he made what was less a proposal than a proclamation "You know," he said, "you're going to marry me." To which she replied, "I am!" "She liked the things I liked, the life that I liked, the kind of life I lived," says Shoemaker. "She was into it."

The divorce was granted in 4 p.m. on March 6, 1978, and at 4 p.m. on March 7 Cindy and Bill were married in the backyard of her parents' home in Cardiff-by-the-Sea, outside San Diego. They settled into a small house in Beverly Hills with the five poodles and a barbecue, on which he liked to broil chicken for dinner, and they played backgammon in the evenings. "The past was gone," Cindy Shoemaker says. "It was our own little now."

And things were breaking for them. In 1978 Shoemaker's mounts earned \$5,231,390, a personal high, and this year they could exceed even that, largely because he is riding Spectacular Bid. When Trainer Bud Delp and owners Harry, Tom and Teresa Meyerhoff decided to take Ronnie Franklin off the horse, Delp gave the Meyerhoffs the names of a few jockeys to consider. Chris McCarron, Darrel McHargue, Jacinto Vasquez and Shoemaker. After Franklin's near-disastrous ride on Spectacular Bid in the Florida Derby in March, an angry Delp had said, "Shoemaker's only a phone call away," and Sither had offered a pocketful of change "Anytime you need me," he said.

Delp finally decided to replace Franklin when the horses were going down the backstretch in the Belmont. He believed Franklin was riding scared, evading a jockey with whom he was feuding. Angel Cordero Jr., and chasing an 80-1 shot. "That's when it first hit my mind," Delp says. "We knew we had to come back to New York for the Marlboro Cup and the Jockey Club Gold Cup—and Cordero. It was a decision that had to be made for the best interests of Bid." Delp favored Shoe. Besides Shoemaker's experience and style and the extraordinary gift of his hands,

to whose touch Delp felt Bid would respond like Pegasus, there was one more important factor.

"How do you feel about it?" Harry Meyrthoff asked.

"I'd love to meet that rider," Bud said. "You know, I never met him."

"I haven't either," said Harry. "That would be nice."

It did not take the Meyerhoffs long to decide. "We're going with the heel-and-toe man," said Harry Meyerhoff. The only reservation he and his trainer had about Shoemaker was his age. "Not so much his physical reactions as his mental attitude," Meyerhoff says. "At his age."

Actually, Meyerhoff couldn't have entertained an emptier fear. For already this was a more buoyant Shoemaker, and with every gust of wind at his back he was feeling even more exhilarated. Since he had left one life and begun another, he was a different person. And he was up to his old tricks, back to doing things he had stopped doing, back to the hot-spoon trick and hiding the cuff links. Doc Kerlan, who owns horses, stopped in the jockeys' room at Hollywood Park one day last summer, draped his \$375 sports coat over a chair and sat down to play cards. When the card game was over, Kerlan left and went to his box seat and sat down. He reached into his right pocket for a mint. And then he leaped from his seat, yelling, "That little son of a —!" To this day the coat still smells of chain sauce. "I knew absolutely without doubt who it was," Kerlan says. "There isn't anyone as diabolical when it comes to practical jokes. But I got him. I wanted several weeks. I made a special mixture of shme, the kind that you can buy, and I mixed it with butyric acid, which is the stinkiest stuff in the world, and I mixed it into one of the most horrible mixtures that ever existed, and one day he had his little boots set out and I filled the shoe part with it and he put his foot in it."

Last fall Shoemaker won the Marlboro Cup with Spectacular Bid, on a day on which the man could apparently do no wrong. Counting back on her fingers, Candy figures that that was the day she got pregnant. For the first time in a long while, at age 48, Shoemaker was going to be a father. "He was in a

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**Sports  
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IN A LEAGUE BY ITSELF

## THE SHOE

BY MARCO J.

state of shock," she says. "Ecstatic shock. For a while Bill was driving me crazy. 'Don't lift this, don't lift that. Don't eat this, don't eat that. Don't do this, don't do that.' At the year's end Shoemaker's mounts had earned a \$4,427,860, sixth best in the country.

In April the Shoemakers moved from Beverly Hills to San Marino, a change not without symbolic meaning. "There was nothing to keep me in Beverly Hills anymore," Shoemaker says.

Now racetrackers fairly marvel at a man renewed. "He's a great rider, he always was, but I see a new vitality, a new energy about him," says Trainer John Russell.

"Through all this rain and mud and bad days we've been having, Shoe's the first one on the scale," says Scarborough, who once took the messages when Shoe called in with the flu. "He's sort of the leader, by example. Jockeys complain about the rain and cold, and Shoe listens and laughs at them."

"I have never seen Shoemaker so happy in the 25 years I've known him," says Laz Barrera, who trained the Triple Crown winner Affirmed. "He is riding as good as he ever has at any time in his life."

Shoemaker is riding like a bug boy again, as a matter of fact, working horses in the morning, hustling them home in the afternoon. Silbert turned the corner of a shed recently and, to his amazement, saw Shoemaker down on his knees stripping bandages off a horse he had just worked. "I'm like a little kid again, you know?" Shoe says. "I want to get out there and see how a horse feels and try to work him the right way and not work him too hard or too easy, just enough to help him get ready for his next race."

"I like to be around the horses in the morning—the atmosphere, it's what I enjoy in life. That's my life-style. That other thing is for somebody in the movies, not me. My life-style is early in the morning. The sun's coming up. The air's fresh. See the horses breathing, the steam coming out of their noses, having a feel for it, enjoying it. They have different personalities. A good trainer can watch his horse walk to the track and almost know how good his horse feels. That comes from a lot of years being around

them. That's what you call having a 'feel' for the game. That's the good part the morning. You feel the difference from one work to the next and see how they develop, feel how they develop. I feel it. I know it. They're communicating with you—if you only know what to look for and how to read it."

"I'm so darn happy for him," says Arcaro. "But he's still 48 going on 49, and nothing saves you there. Time rolls by, and those kids are going to come up and chop on him." Well, they've been chopping on El Viejo for years, and they haven't yet cut the mainspring.

Shoe puffs on his cigar and taps his forehead. "I'm not as good now as I was when I was 25, 30 years old, physically, but mentally I'm better," he says. "If somebody had told me when I was 28 that I would still be riding when I was 48, I'd have said, 'You've got to be crazy.' Whatever happened to me in life, I tried to keep everything on an even keel and think right about it. I never got silly about it. Even when I wasn't thinking good, I always had a little stability to me that kept me in there going. You know what I mean? That probably saved me. I never got silly."

Whatever it was, it got him to 1980, to here, to right now, as rich as any rider in the game, richer in a way. His is an old American story—the story of the Texas boy too tough to die at birth, who threw down the hoe and climbed on the horse and dug his way out of the tool shed and came West and made his fortune and his name and who got lost and was found again.

It is growing dark and El Viejo is driving home from Santa Anita, down Laurel Canyon Boulevard. He is silent. Then he slips the car over to the curb, where Laurel Canyon meets Moorpark Street, and cuts the engine of his BMW in front of Flowersville, a florist. "I'm going to make Cindy happy," he says. "She loves flowers. Just be a minute." He chooses a freshly cut old-fashioned bouquet of carnations and chrysanthemums, sweet william and baby's breath. "Thank you," he says to the cashier. "Very pretty."

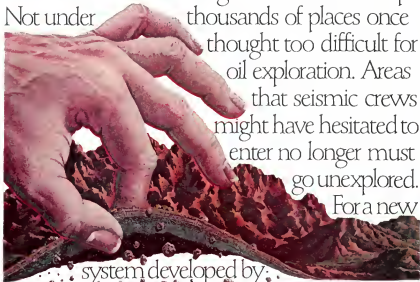
The lady is breathless. "Do you know who that is?" she says as he leaves. "That's Bill Shoemaker. He's the sweetest man in the world."


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## FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week May 15-26

Controlled by BROOKS &amp; LARK

**GOLF**—DAVID GRAHAM defeated Tom Watson by one stroke to win the \$360,000 Memorial tournament in Dublin, Ohio. He shot an eight under-par 289.

DONNA CARPONE YOUNG shot a seven-under-par 281 to win the \$100,000 Corning IN Y-C Classic by two strokes over Myra VanHousen.

**HOCKEY**—With a 5-4 overtime victory, the New York Islanders beat Philadelphia for the Stanley Cup. Four games to two (page 20)

**HORSE RACING**—RU 5880 (52 60) Bill Shoemaker up-  
ped the first running of the \$150,000 Golden State  
Breeders' Stakes at Hollywood Park by five lengths  
over The Carpenter. The 3-year-old colt ran the 7 1/2-  
mile in 1:40 1/2.

**MARATHON**—SONY SANDOVAL placed 5th in the U.S. Olympic Trials near Niagara Falls with a time of 2:10:14. Steve Dardner was second (2:08:49) and Kyle Hoffer was third (2:10:54).

**MOTOR SPORTS**—JOHNNY RUTHERFORD, driving his Chrysler at an average of 142.562 mph, won the 64th Indianapolis 500. He finished 39 seconds ahead of Tom Saika, who drove a McLaren-Cosworth coupe. (R)

BENNY PARSONS, averaging 119.265 mph in his Chevrolet, won the World 600 on the 1.5-mile Charlotte (NC) Motor Speedway. He finished 1 of a second ahead of Darrell Waltrip, who also drove a Chev-

[illegible]

by league scoring leader Roger Davies in 86-87. Tottenham (16-11) ahead in the American East lost 5-2 at Rochester as Pat Ercoli and Leandro Sepúlveda each had two goals. The National East leading Cosmos took a week off from NASL competition to start this foreign tour in the Trans-Atlantic Challenge Cup.

ASE. Both conference leaders were victorious at home: Columbus, 0-2-11 defeated N.Y. York, 2-0 on goals by Multidisciplinary News Paper and '66' Defenders Dan Mannema, while Sacramento also 4-2-1, beat California 3-1 as a hat trick by Right Wing Willie Mangum. Golden Gate lost twice on the road—2-0 at Cleveland as Cobra Defender Alan Keffley and Senior Narciso Dosal second and 1-0 at Pennsylvania.

**SWIMMING**—PETRA SCHNEIDER of East Germany established a world record in the women's 200-meter freestyle with a time of 2:13.68 in Magdeburg. Her clocking surpassed by .89 of a second the mark set by Tracy Caulkins of the U.S. in January.

**TENNIS**—GI LILIERMO VILAS defeated Yannick Noah 6-4, 6-4, 6-4 to win the \$200,000 Italian Open in Rome.

STANFORD defeated California five matches to three in Athens, Ga. so was the NCAA season.

**TRACK & FIELD**—CAL STATE-NORTHRIDGE won the AIAW outdoor championships for the third year in a row, beating runner-up North Carolina State 58-35 in Eugene, Ore.

**JACEK WISZOLA** of Poland set a world record on the high jump, clearing 7' 5½" in Eberstadt, West Germany. He broke the mark set by Vladimir Yashchenko of the Soviet Union in 1978.

**REPORTS—SOLIGHT** By Nelson Steinhilber, a Vancouver real-estate millionaire, the ATLANTA FLAMES for a reported \$16 million. The team will be moved to Calgary, Alberta, where it will play in the 6,500-seater Calgary Stampede Centre and a larger arena is constructed.

**CONVICTED** By a federal district court jury in Brook-  
lyn, former jockey **CONERUICO** 58 on a racketeering

[illegible]

**FIRE** As coach of the Colorado Rockies, DION CHERRY, 46, after having a 19-48-43 record in his one season with the team.

**REACHED:** A new basic agreement between baseball owners and players to replace the one that had expired on Dec. 31. Thus, a players' strike scheduled for Mar. 25 was averted. Under the new four-year deal, major league players will be paid a minimum of \$300,000 per year (vs. \$200,000 in 1993) and the 26 teams annually will contribute \$13.5 million—an increase from \$8.3 million—to the players' pension fund. A decrease in compensation for players lost to free agency was put off until next year. In the meantime, a lower-tiered panel, 200 representatives from each side, will study this issue (page 4).

**REQUIRED:** As coach of the Los Angeles Lakers, PAUL WESTHEAD, 41, who took over the team in November after Jack McKinney was injured. Under Westhead, the Lakers had a 51-38 record and won the NBA championship.

**SETTLED**—Out of court for a reported \$350,000, a suit for \$10 million in damages filed by the family of late Jockey Robert Pineda then charged Pedroso Raza Course and owners with negligence in the May 3, 1978 accident in which Pineda was killed when his mount, *Lester Burns*, fell in the race in question. *Billy Edlin*, who allegedly had been injured with *Belazabolon* broke down, *was* a member of the same horse.

**SIGNED** As player coach by the San Diego Clippers, free agent PAUL SILAS, 36, who played two seasons for the Seattle SuperSonics. During his 16-year career, Silas has played in 1,234 games (46 fewer) than Celtic John Havlicek, second on the list for all time.

DIED Utah Jazz Guard TERRY FLOW (28), who also played for the Atlanta Hawks, Cleveland Cavaliers and Philadelphia 76ers during his four-year NBA career in a one fist accident in Knoxville, Ohio. FLOW, who played his college ball at Michigan State, had a 10.7 per cent success rate.

## CREDITS

[illegible]

## FACES IN THE CROWD



**JEFF BARTON**  
Assistant Editor

Jeff, a 6' 2", 190-pound senior catcher for Hawthorn High, hit three home runs in as many swings in the Huskies' 12-0 season-opening win over Logansport. In Hawthorn's second game, he hit another homer on the first swing.



GAROLYN FAISON  
Executive Editor

Catolyn, a junior at Bay High, was named for a girls' state high school best in the 110-yard low hurdles (1:17) in Tallahassee. Her clothing was 1 of a second off the National Federation of State High School Associations girls' record.



**STAN COCKERTON**  
Chairman, LifePoint

Cockerton, a 5'7" senior attackman on the South Carolina State lacrosse team, scored five times in a 17-15 loss at Hofstra to establish an NCAA career scoring record of 191 goals. He broke the mark of 190 set by Mike French of Cornell in 1977.



ELANNE SCHANKY  
MONTANA STATE UNIVERSITY

Flann, a senior at Trinity High, won a first place at the Penn Relays by putting the 58-pound shot 50' 1". Earlier, she had established a girls' indoor high school national record of 50' 10" with the eight-pound shot at the Rhode Island Invitational.

E.O. ANDREWS  
Boulder, Colo.

Andrews, 21, a teaching pro at a racquetball club, defeated Keith Dunlap of Houston 15-4, 15-13 in the men's amateur open-age division of the Kellenburger/Ferris national racquetball finals in North Hollywood, Calif. He also won the AMF/Amateur nationals earlier in December. Bishop, 26, also a racquetball instructor, beat Laura Martino of Inman Valley, Calif. 15-9, 15-13, 15-9 in the women's amateur title. Winners of regional tournaments that had been held on 11 American regions participated in the event.

KIPPE BISHOP  
E. J. O'NEILL, JR.

pro at a racquetball club, de-  
f. Houston 15-4, 15-13 in win-  
ce-age division of the kiki-  
quetball finals in North Hoi-  
won the AMF/Vent nationals  
shop. 26 also a racquetball in-  
trins of Longman Valley, Calif.  
in the women's amateur title  
amateurs that had been held  
in 1982 in the sport.

Edited by GAY FLOOD

## THE SHAM AND THE SHAME

Sir,

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED and John Underwood have given the sports-loving people of this country a true challenge for the decade of the '80s (Special Report: The Writing Is on the Wall, May 19). Parents, students, educators, coaches and administrators must join together to put an end to the notion that a student-athlete's best interest is served when he is "taken care of" so that he can remain "eligible" and move to the next level of competition. The true strength of a society is measured by how it educates its children, or as Dr. Ewald B. Nyquist of Pace University says, the problem is moral, "not educational, not economic or fiscal, not social—but moral. And what is morally wrong can never be educationally right."

Concerned people like Chuck Sherer of Athletics For Better Education, Dr. Harry Edwards of the University of California at Berkeley, Father Thomas A. James of Los Angeles' Verbum Dei High School and others who share their vision of correcting decades of neglect of the student-athlete need the total support of everyone involved with sports and education.

RICHARD C. KOSIK  
Co-Director  
City Streets Education for Life Inc.  
New York City

Sir,

John Underwood's article was fantastic, but the best part came from Verbum Dei High's Father Thomas A. James. I remember the special treatment given to many of the athletes when I attended high school. Those young men were never made to see the importance of studying or listening in class. When, as last-quarter seniors, they finally did realize that they were not going to be the next O.J. Simpson or Earl Monroe, it was too late.

STEVE C. JONES  
Athens, Ga

Sir,

After reading John Underwood's article, I will no longer laugh at pro rookies who mumble and fumble through TV interviews. I guess it's not their fault.

JAMES THEOKAS  
Lowell, Mass

Sir,

Anyone who is searching for the roots of the student-athlete hoax should look to the high schools for the conditions which predispose to what the article refers to as a cancer at the college level. The "oncogenic" practice of grade-changing for the sake of

athletic eligibility is often rampant even before these athletes are "awarded" their high school diplomas.

MARY D. BRADY  
Hagerstown, Md

Sir,

I teach sixth grade and coach a ninth-grade basketball team in Philadelphia. I think the need for better education and supervision at the elementary-school level is paramount. Maybe if more elementary teachers and coaches instilled proper values in their students, the children would carry those values with them through high school and college.

ROBERT G. CLARK  
Philadelphia

Sir,

How about the student-athlete himself? Not all of those who violate rules are lambs being led to the slaughter. Many are willing accomplices to their fate. More responsibility should be placed on the shoulders of the individual to make the decisions necessary to avoid the problems.

It is interesting to note that in the same issue, in Anthony Cotton's article on Seattle Precher Rick Honeycutt (Unsinkable Manner), Honeycutt is described as being in the Jack Armstrong tradition of American sports hero. And yet, when writing of Honeycutt's academic background, Cotton says that at Tennessee "he studied health education. Well, sort of studied. It was more like Honeycutt pitched and hit and Debbie tutored. . . Honeycutt wasn't all that interested in a degree, anyway." Therein lies the problem.

BRUCE BROWN  
Lafayette, La

Sir,

I keep hearing and reading about the "poor victims" of the eligibility game—those athletes left in the gutter when their eligibility runs out. As I see it, if it weren't for college athletics, they would have been in the gutter (and probably on the welfare rolls) four years sooner. If they are being exploited, whose fault is that? They are certainly not imprisoned in these colleges and universities. If they are capable of getting an education, the opportunity is there. If they are too ignorant to take advantage of it, let's put the blame where it belongs.

ROBERTA C. RYSER  
Oak Park, Ill

Sir,

During my days as an undergraduate and graduate student and now as a college instructor, I have run into many obviously unprepared student-athletes. I believe, however, that John Underwood has committed an er-

ror of omission. By and large he ignored the many capable, even brilliant student-athletes on our campuses. Now a lot of people will unfairly lump those true student-athletes with those in the "dumb jock" class.

BRADLEY J. MILLER  
Warren, Mich

Sir,

Your well-researched piece on the student-athlete hoax left the unfortunate impression that most physical-education courses are academic "fluff," a sort of pseudo-college curriculum existing to benefit the "dumb jock." While it is true that physical-education activity courses can be easily abused, it is also true that an athlete who fills his schedule with activity courses will not graduate with a physical-education degree. At most institutions, the path toward a physical-education degree involves a serious program of study that belies the image of the "gym major."

Unfortunately, some colleges have been negligent in failing to draw a line between physical-education-department and athletic-department responsibilities.

DAVID ZANG  
State College, Pa

Sir,

One proposal made in your article should be underlined: Abolish freshman eligibility. Let's allow the freshman athlete to get his feet wet in academics first. This change would curtail the "need" for academic cheating, because the pressures of that first year would be lessened immensely.

JACK F. KRACH, D.D.S.  
Fort Wayne, Ind

Sir,

I have two suggestions to add to those that appear in John Underwood's fine story:

- 1) Require that every prospective scholarship athlete achieve a passing grade on a basic test in English and mathematics to demonstrate that he/she has the skills necessary for college work. The test should not be administered by the athlete's high school or by the college he/she seeks to enter. Probably the NCAA should take charge of the exam.
- 2) Keep SI writers involved in taking notice of the academic achievements of college athletes. Cite the Academic All-Americans, listing their majors, and also follow up on Top 20 football and basketball teams, noting how many senior starters graduate the following June, etc.

JOHN F. BALCER  
Associate Professor of English  
Shenandoah College and  
Conservatory of Music  
Winchester, Va

continued



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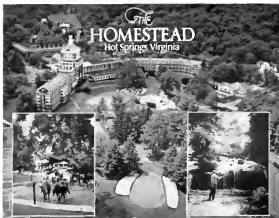
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19TH HOLE (continued)

Sir:

I suggest that new and stricter limitations be imposed on the number of regular-season and postseason games and upon the time devoted to preseason, in-season and postseason practice. Such regulations are urgently needed, not only for football and basketball, but also for baseball, swimming, wrestling and other sports. I might add that similar limitations are also essential for women's sports, because women athletes are subjected to the same unreasonable demands upon their time as men are.

BRUCE L. BENNETT  
Worthington, Ohio

Sir:

Why not entertain the heretical concept of abolishing intercollegiate sports altogether? Hampshire College in Amherst, Mass., decided to do without them when it was founded 10 years ago. Physical activities were put into the hands of students, where they belong. Recreational athletics, as it is called, avoids all the evils of intercollegiate sports, including academic hypocrisy, involves a larger percentage of the student body and costs only a fraction as much. More colleges should be encouraged to try it.

JAY EVANS  
Director of Recreational Athletics  
Hampshire College  
Amherst, Mass.

Sir:

I will repeat what I said when I wrote to SI from Vietnam in 1968 after reading Jack Olsen's five-part series on the exploitation of black athletes (*The Black Athlete*, July 1-29, 1968), as long as there are stadiums to be filled and profits to be made, nothing will change.

PETER J. COLES  
Alexandria, Va.

Sir:

Take a closer look at the schedule of your hypothetical "chubbyday major," Earl T. Robinson. Your illustrator has him scheduled for two courses at the same time, on Tuesdays from 9 to 10. I'm betting that Robinson chooses to attend Theory of Basketball rather than General Biology.

C. P. SUNNA  
Tuscaloosa, Ala.

• Artist Ivan Powell did it intentionally. He says that while drawing up the fictional Robinson's schedule, he was thinking of a one-time student of his, a scholarship athlete majoring in illustration who signed up for a physical-education class that conflicted with Powell's art class. Powell's student asked to be excused from attending class, although he offered to do the work, but Powell turned him down.—ED

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